MAYFAIR

£1.50

NORTH AMERICA
$4.50
AUSTRIA 65.00 SCH
CANARIES 550.00 PTAS
DENMARK 28.50 KR
FINLAND 23.00 FM
FRANCE 36.00 NF
GERMANY 13.80 DM
HOLLAND 9.90 FL
ITALY 6,400 L
NORWAY 38.50 KR
SPAIN 530 PTAS
SWITZERLAND 6.70 SFR

Vol. 22 No.2

NO JOKING IT'S COMEDIAN DUNCAN NORVELLE'S GIRLFRIEND NUDE

ZENA THE CLEANER:
OUR MISCHIEVOUS MRS MOP

WE JOIN THE JET SET:
FLYING WITH NATO'S FIGHTERS

OH-LAY: WHAT PRICE THE LADIES OF SPAIN?

HOT PROPERTY: IT'S OUR DARING DEVELOPER

ROMMEL: UNEARTHING THE TRUTH
ABOUT THE DESERT FOX

Jet setter

When we plan a feature we insist on getting our information as accurate and authoritative as possible. So who better to photograph and write about the fast jets of the NATO air forces than a serving RAF fighter pilot? Chris Allan, whose feature can be found on page 50, is a Flight Lieutenant who has been flying Lightnings for seven and a half years, and has logged more than 1500 hours in that type of aircraft. He is currently serving with the Lightning Training Flight at RAF Binbrook in Lincolnshire as a weapons instructor training new pilots. Flt Lt Allan took most of the photos from the cockpit of his Lightning, including the one of the Soviet Bear Delta. He told us the Russians often change the numbers on the undercarriage doors of the nose bay to confuse intercepting fighters and make them think the Soviets have more aircraft than they actually do.

Shaken, not stirred

Have you ever given your girlfriend a multiple orgasm? We're not being personal, it's just the name of a lethal new cocktail we've heard about. The ingredients are equal measures of Cointreau, tequila and Baileys with plenty of ice. An expensive libation perhaps, but just think of the respectful looks you'll get from your friends when you take your loved one to the pub for Sunday lunch and she says, 'I'll just have an orange juice, I had a few Multiple Orgasms too many last night.'

Beetling on

'Beetlemania' on page 71 celebrates some 50 years of the world's most popular automobile — Volkswagen's inimitable Beetle — now fast becoming a highly valued cult car after sales in excess of 20 million. The plaudits, of course, belong to Germany, whose faith in Dr Porsche's 'people's car' was so amply rewarded. Yet only a freak of history — and geography — prevented the car becoming the 'comrades' car' instead.

It's motoring legend that Ford, Britain's Sir William Rootes, and the Australians all turned down the opportunity to manufacture the Beetle at the end of World War Two. Less well known is the fact that the Russians also made an offer. They suggested that they took control of Volkswagen's factory by the simple expedient of moving the Soviet zone border on by some five miles, including incidentally the neighbouring town of Wolfsburg. The British politely declined their offer.

The Wolfsburg factory no longer manufactures Beetles — all European production of the car ceased in 1979 — but the production lines are still running in Mexico and South America. Mexican models, selling for around £3,900, occasionally reach Europe (conversion to righthand drive would add another £750), but at the time of writing Britain's VW Owners' Club is negotiating with the Mexicans to import vehicles direct to this country. If our feature whets your desire for ownership, or you would simply like to know more about the car and its British supporters, you can contact the VW Owners' Club PR officer, Mrs Phyl Daniel at 66 Pinewood Green, Iver Heath, Buckinghamshire (tel: Iver 651538).

My boy lollipop

We've all heard of edible panties, but one sex-toy manufacturer seems determined to push the barriers of good taste even further, because we recently spotted in one of Covent Garden's trendier shops a display of edible condoms. We don't know how effective they are as a contraceptive, but they must be an acquired taste. They come (no pun intended!) in assorted flavours — cherry, passion fruit, banana, mint, strawberry, pink champagne and pina colada, and are available from *Knutz* in Russell Street at £4.95 for four.

Damn French johnies!

And contraceptive machine graffiti is still rife. Seen recently: 'They won't buy our lamb, why should I buy their letters?'

SIX OF OUR VERY BEST

Best of Mayfair No 6, the latest of our top selling collectors' issues, is now on sale. For just £1.95 enjoy 196 pages packed with our finest features, fiction and humour — plus 16 of our most beautiful girls including Ursula Andress, Sophia Loren's double, *Please Sir's* Penny Irving, Jane Warner and Joanne Latham. Don't miss it!

The Best is yet to come . . .

And don't forget that *Best of Mayfair Nos 3, 4* and *5* are still available!

Please send . . . . copies of Best of Mayfair No 6 priced at £2.65 each . . . . copies of Best of Mayfair No 5 at £2.65 each. . . . . copies Best of Mayfair No 4 at £2.50. . . . . copies Best of Mayfair No 3 at £2.25. All prices include post and packing. Cheques payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Name . . . .

. . . .

Address . . . .

. . . .

M22/2

WE OFFER A GREAT DEAL

Captivating Carina Jensen (Vol 18 No 5) is one of the girls in our five issue bargain packs. For £3.75, enjoy Vol 16 Nos 6 and 11, Vol 17 No 11, and Vol 18 Nos 6 and 6.

Other back numbers available include:
VOL. 15 No. 8 *(Saucy Sally, Lost locos of Barry Island)* £1.20; **VOL. 16 No. 6** *(Queen's hairdresser, MG Magic)* £1.30; **11** *(Jannie from Page Three, Gymslip Capers)* £1.30; **VOL. 17 No. 4** *(Delicious Debbie Boyland, Billy Bishop: VC air ace)* £1.30; **7** *(Bonnie Langford look-alike, Sex-mad Rasputin)* £1.30; **8** *(Joanie Allum nude, Windsurfing wizards)* £1.30; **11** *(Tula, the James Bond sex-change starlet, Jensens)* £1.30; **VOL. 18 No. 5** *('Dynasty' star, Hot rods)* £1.45; **6** *(Nude Miss Weymouth, Hendon's historic aircraft)* £1.45; **7** *(Bond beauties — Maud Adams, Joni Flynn, and Camella Thomas)* £1.45; **VOL. 19 No. 2** *(Miss Yugoslavia's nude debut, Joan Crawford full-frontal)* £1.45; **3** *(*Mayfair *scoops the* Penthouse *pet, Porsches)* £1.45; **4** *(''Starbird'' Carol Needham, Nurse Andrea)* £1.45; **5** *(Lindy Benson, Britain's first great air race)* £1.45; **6** *(Lingerie model Helen Masters, Rio's carnal carnival)* Issue banned by Menzies, £1.45; **9** *(Top model Nike Clarke, Sunderland flying boat)* £1.45; **10** *(Telecom's TV ad girl Helle, Gambling at Monte Carlo)* £1.45; **12** *(Joanne Latham, 40 Girls of the Year, Morgans)* £2.25; **VOL. 20 No. 1** *(Top models Tracy Dixon, Sian Adey Jones, Molly Parkin short story)* £1.65; **2** *(Page Three pet Jane Warner, Brides in the bath murders)* £1.65; **3** *(40-in busted Danuta, Angie Lyn)* £1.65; **4** *(Stars who stripped for the cinema, Burke and Hare)* £1.65; **6** *(Bouncing boobs video, the Surrey puma)* £1.65; **7** *(We bare the new Bond beauties, Epic Cruise of the Emden)* £1.65; **8** *(The Sun's virgin strips, Early balloon pioneers)* £1.65; **9** *(Lynette Gordon, British International gymnast bared, We fly with the Schneider Trophy pilots)* £1.65; **10** *('Superbitch' Stephanie Beacham, Sinister Dr Crippen)* £1.65; **11** *(Marvellous Marina, The Black Watch)* £1.65; **12** *(Paul Newman's nudest co-star, General Patton)* £2.50; **VOL. 21 No. 1** *(Miss Scotland finalist nude, skate-sailing)* £1.65; **2** *(Julie from The Late Late Breakfast Show, Gloster Gladiator)* £1.65; **3** *(Miss Austria nude, Kent's vicious smugglers)* £1.65; **4** *(Marianne, the girl who beat Joan Collins to Peter Holm's bed, Spitfire)* £1.65; **5** *(Starbird of the Year finalist Tracy Neve, Andrea Kovic, The Kayak raid on Singapore)* £1.65; **6** *(The de-throned Miss France, Kamikaze)* £1.65; **7** *(The real Makepeace look alike, Nuclear submarine disasters)* £1.65; **8** *(Page Three and TV star Gail Thackray, Sylvannia the Test Match stripper, Sexy schoolgirl Sarah Whittle, Opel GTs)* £1.65; **9** *(Nudest Cambridge MA, Prussia's army of giants)* £1.65; **10** *(Princess Siggi strips, Alfa Romeos)* £1.65; **11** *(TV hostess Sue Lee, Death of a stunt pilot)* £1.65; **12** *(Lydia's ghostly strip, E-type Jaguars)* £2.50; **VOL. 22 No. 1** *(Pop star Mel Appleby, free-fall parachuting)* £2.00; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 3*, £2.25; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 4*, £2.50; *Best of* Mayfair *No. 5*, £2.65; *Best of Mayfair No. 6*, £2.65.

To: Pat Asquith, Mayfair,
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.
Please send me your bargain offer and/or these separate issues ....
Name ....
Address ....
....

If you don't wish to cut your magazine, photocopy this coupon or send your order on plain paper.

I enclose a cheque/postal order for £ ....
Reg. London No. 875169 M22/2

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

****♡♡♡**Working Girls** (18), 1 hr 30 mins. The doctor is quite clear what has caused his female patient's hysterical blindness. Because she is a virgin, the young, blonde woman must be in dire need of sex. Moments later she is naked, spreadeagled on a convenient bed and 'under' the obliging physician. As she climaxes she cries in astonishment, 'Doctor, I can see! I can see!' He's no doctor, of course, but 'Fantasy Fred', the middle-aged client of Molly (Louise Smith), a photographer who supplements her income by working part-time in a small, select Manhattan brothel. She shares the day shift with sloe-eyed, Italianate Gina (Marusia Zach), and blonde, bosomy Shawn (Amanda Goodwin). Their other customers include a shy teacher in urgent need of advice on dating, an elderly Harvard graduate intent on mild bondage, and a disagreeable Japanese businessman who refuses to wear a condom and is unceremoniously — and graphically — masturbated. But explicit sex — of which there is plently — is not the film's *raison d'etre*. Rather it's a funny, sad, sympathetic but realistic look at the lives of 'working' women, no different from any other, except that their work happens to involve sleeping with strangers, and the problems that brings. As Shawn muses, 'You know, in the five years I've been doing this I've never once cheated on my boyfriend.' That kind of doublethink is at the core of this film, made by women but with some fascinating and not unsympathetic views of men.

***♡♡**Heartbreak Ridge** (15), 2 hrs 10 mins. Blasted off his feet by a shell from a Cuban tank, grizzled gunnery sergeant Tom Highway (Clint Eastwood) lies dead to the world while his youthful platoon search desperately for signs of life — until a bleary eye snaps open. 'Just because I let you hold my hand,' he growls, 'don't mean I want to take showers with you at three in the morning.' Gritty put-downs, delivered in an equally gritty tone, pepper this *Officer and a Gentleman* in reverse. Here Clint is an argumentative, much bemedalled, imaginatively foul-mouthed marine, rounding off a checkered army career by turning a platoon of ill-disciplined misfits into an elite fighting unit — when he's not clumsily woo-ing his ex-wife (Marsha Mason), according to advice culled laboriously from *Cosmopolitan*. It's a pity that Clint's boys have to invade Grenada to prove their mettle, but this is vintage Eastwood, funny, dramatic, action-packed and involving — well up to Clint's entertaining best.

♡♡♡Gothic** (18), 1 hr 27 mins. Dull moments were obviously rare at house parties organised by Lord Byron (Gabriel Byrne), at least according to Ken Russell's account of a stormy night at the exiled poet's Swiss lakeside mansion in June, 1816. When not bedding his infatuated half-sister Claire (Myriam Cyr) or stripping a servant girl, he makes bi-sexual passes at fellow poet Shelley (Julian Sands), much to the annoyance of Shelley's young girlfriend, and fellow exponent of free love, Mary Godwin (Natasha Richardson). Meanwhile, high on laudanum, all four — together with Byron's homosexual, live-in biographer, Dr Polidori (Timothy Spall) — hold a seance which unleashes each of their worst nightmares in the forms of half-glimpsed demons, an experience which inspires Mary to write *Frankenstein*. Visually superb, with some splendid moments, but so continually over-the-top non-Russell fans might find it hard to take.

***♡♡**No Mercy** (18), 1 hr 49 mins. Furious, and highly realistic gunplay dominates this fast-moving yarn of Chicago detective Eddie Jillette (Richard Gere) blundering through an unfamiliar New Orleans in search of his former partner's killer. Shotgun blasts leave disconcerting holes in almost every wall he pauses by. But compensation comes in his enforced friendship with an illiterate but gorgeous Cajun girl (Kim Basinger), a witness to the original killing, whom he arrests, handcuffs himself to, and is then obliged to drag through several miles of swampland under hot pursuit of the villain (Jeroen Krabbe), a pig-tailed maniac in gaberdine who enjoys gutting his victims and whose 'property' Ms Basinger happens to be. Really an updated western, but given power and credibility by taut direction and strong performances throughout.

MAYFAIR

Telephone number: 01-242 1593
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ
Vol. 22 No. 2
ABC net paid circulation 345,411

SPECIAL FEATURES page

Rommel: Hitler's 'good' general/ *Gerald Rawling* 44
Top Gunners: NATO's high flyers *Chris Allen* 50
Ladies Of Spain: Spain's sex boom *Rex Hudson* 94
Plougher Power: Rural relics from the prairies/ *Andrew Morland* 114
Carrie: Fancy undress *Steve Kingston* 128

GIRLS

Janie Unplain Jane *Paul Fenton* 11
Marion: A very public relations lady/ *Basil Crawford-Smith* 20
Janet: Our kiltless Scotch Miss/ *John Patrick Burgess* 35
Zena: A cute cleaner *Joanie Allum* 59
Netta: Developing well *Ed Alexander* 78
Trudie Dean: The comedian's ex *Donald Milne* 88
Alex: Furry nice *Michael Ancher* 107
Lisa: Leeds's loveliest *John Graham* 119

HUMOUR

Nefarious Affairs: Nookie cartooned *Anthony* 29
After Dinner Jokes: 85

INFORMERS

Motoring: Beetlemania *Andrew Morland* 70
Quest: My Most Unforgettable Girl 99

FICTION

Miss Lonelyheart: Personal ad-vice *Ronald Ereleigh* 16

SPECIAL OFFERS

Best of Mayfair page 6/**Mayfair Lingerie** pages 77 and 87/**Style Watches** page 86/**1987 Calendar and Diary** page 97/**Mayfair Diver's Watch** page 98/**New Personal Directory** page 118

READER SERVICES

Letters page 10/**Book Society** page 28/ **Back Numbers** page 32/**Photo Service** page 124/ **Subscription Details** page 125

TV comic Duncan Norvelle is not as 'camp' as his act, reveals ex-girlfriend Trudie Dean 88

Sit in the cockpit with NATO's high flying fighter pilots 50

Canada's mechanical workhorses have become treasured relics of the prairies 114

COVER STORY

Once Mrs Mops were middle-aged and wore curlers and shapeless overalls. Twenty-four-year-old, 34-23-34 inch Zena Partridge — Bedford's barest cleaner — is the shape of Mrs Mops to come. We hope. 59

Editor **Kenneth Bound** / Art Director **John Clement** / Features Editor **Martin Burr** / Chief Sub-Editor **Clive Harris** / Motoring **William Boddy** Eating Out **Brian O'Hanlon** / Discs **Peter Hopkin** / Travel Editor **Ian Marlowe** / Films **Gerald Cole** / Wine **Charles Fforde**/ Editorial Assistant **Sarah Buck** /Readers' Service **Pat Asquith**/Advertisement Director **Chris Robins**/published monthly by Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2. Reg. London No. 875169. Reg. Office 95a Chancery Lane, WC2/Distributed by Seymour Press Ltd., 334 Brixton Road, London SW9/Origination by Moorgate Lithoplates Services Ltd./Printing and binding by The Artisan Press Ltd., Beaumont Leys, Leicester, England/**Fiction:** all characters are fictitious and there is no intended reference to persons either living or dead/**Contributions:** although every care will be taken of all materials submitted for publication Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., their servants or agents, accept no responsibility for loss, damage or destruction, however arising, while in their offices, in transit or elsewhere/Copyright — Fisk Publishing Co. Ltd., London, WC2.

Mayfair, vol.22, no.2 (Feb 1987)

Cover:

MAYFAIR
£1.80
IT'S COMEDIAN
DUNCAN NORVELLE'S
GIRLFRIEND
NUDE

Cover model: Zena Partridge

Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Alexandra (Alex) Lester
    1. post
- Donna Ambrose as Henrietta (Netta) Dealy
- Janet McPherson
- Janet Penfold as Marion Cook | thread
    1. post
- Janie Christensen, GotM
    1. post [lower portion]
- Lisa Meredith
    1. post
- Trudie Dean
- Zena Partridge, GotM

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Country music fans should raise their stetsons to Edsel records for re-releasing four classic albums, which have long been unavailable in this country, despite being some of the most innovative in the field. On *Comin' Right at Ya*, Asleep at the Wheel prove themselves to be one of the finest contemporary western swing bands. A cross between country and jazz, this type of music was pioneered by Bob Wills, and one of his songs, *Take Me Back to Tulsa*, is handled reverentially but imaginatively. The six piece band are joined by great musicians, like Johnny Gimble on fiddle and mandolin and Buddy Spicher on fiddle, for a mixture of country classics and self-penned numbers. More relaxed yet equally exciting in their own way are Dillard and Clark. *Through the Morning Through the Night* features the smooth sweet country voices of Doug Dillard and Gene Clark who play banjo, guitar fiddle and harp between them. Guests playing along include such country luminaries as Sneaky Pete on steel guitar, Chris Hillman on mandolin and Bernie Leadon on guitar. Songs vary from a reworking of the traditional *I Bowed my Head and Cried Holy* to Gene Clark's own numbers and an excellent country version of the Beatles' *Don't Let Me Down*. The other two re-releases are both by the Flying Burrito Brothers. Generally regarded by country buffs as being the best of the modern electric country bands, *Burrito Deluxe* and *The Gilded Palace of Sin* confirm that reputation. Released originally in 1969 and 1968 respectively, these albums feature the talents of Chris Hillman, Bernie Leadon, Sneaky Pete and Chris Ethridge as well as the multi-talented Gram Parsons who apart from having one of the most movingly memorable voices of any country singer in any decade was a gifted songwriter. His *Hot Burrito No 1* was a hit for Elvis Costello under the different title of *I'm Your Toy*, but the original here is by far the better version. Gram's *Sin City* and *Christine's Tune* are also featured on these two albums as well as Dylan's *If You Gotta Go* and the Rolling Stones' beautiful ballad *Wild Horses*. These albums sound as fresh today as they did in the sixties, and continue to influence today's bands.

ROBERT PALMER · SNEAKIN' SALLY THROUGH THE ALLEY

THE ISLAND COMPACT DISC COLLECTION

A new dimension to some important moments from our past

Like Robert Palmer's Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley

This classic album is now available as a compact disc for the very first time. Also making a timely debut on compact disc are two other great Robert Palmer albums, Clues and Pride. They are part of the Island Compact Disc Collection, released to celebrate our 25th anniversary. The Island Collection, features the finest albums from our history. From Robert Palmer to Bob Marley . . . Grace Jones to Traffic . . . . Steve Winwood . . . to Fairport Convention . . . Cat Stevens to the B-52s. Over the next few months we will be adding to this list and creating a comprehensive collection of timeless recordings that highlight the most creative moments in contemporary music. No C.D. collection can be complete without these classic recordings. Watch this space . . .

BOB MARLEY · *Exodus*
BOB MARLEY · *Live At The Lyceum*
B-52's · *B-52's*
TRAFFIC · *John Barleycorn Must Die*
CAT STEVENS · *Teaser And The Firecat*
FAIRPORT CONVENTION · *Liege And Lief*

ROBERT PALMER · *Sneakin' Sally Through The Alley*
ROBERT PALMER · *Clues*
ROBERT PALMER · *Pride*
GRACE JONES · *Warm Leatherette*
GRACE JONES · *Nightclubbing*
STEVE WINWOOD · *Arc Of A Diver*

ISLAND

You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

LETTERS

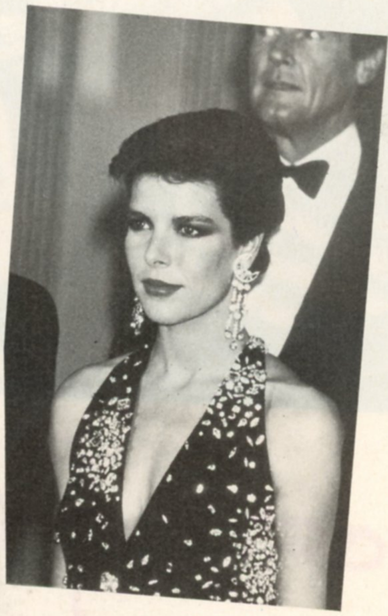
Bumper plaudits

I am writing to say how much I enjoyed reading through Vol 21. No 12, your bumper Christmas issue. It was great seeing Carol from Vol 21 No 11 again in your Top Girls of the Year section — and Sian Adey-Jones (Vol 20 No 1). How she is missed from Page Three and Page Seven in the national daily newspapers. I was also impressed with Penelope Laidlaw, the 23-year-old from Guildford. Her slim 34-22-33 figure was beautiful and slender. A bumper edition must be the appropriate place for ample proportions, and at 38D Zoe Lee's breasts more than fitted the bill.
Finally, special thanks for sexy, coloured lady Lucienne Camille. She has the most beautiful nipples I've ever seen in a magazine.
Andrew Farish, Carlisle

A right royal tease?

Please put my mind at rest. Is it just my over-fertile imagination, or is the close resemblance of the delicious Carolyn in Vol 21 No 12 to Princess Caroline of Monaco pure coincidence? The face, the hair, the svelte figure, even the moderate — but in my view entirely delightful — bust measurement seem astonishingly similar. Is the name 'Carolyn' a way of letting drop a discreet hint? Is *Mayfair* hiding the modelling coup of the decade?
P G, Denham

Sorry PG, not as far as we are aware. All we know is the photographs were provided by a European photographic agency complete with story. We thought she looked French. And note her last words: 'I'll be an enigma . . .'



Princess Caroline of Monaco (above) with Carolyn her look-alike from Vol 21 No 12

A bang not a whimper

In the otherwise excellent article on the story of the *Altmark* in Vol 21. 12 the author makes a somewhat misleading statement regarding the end of the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee*. He states that her captain 'ordered the *Graf Spee's* sea-cocks to be opened'. This gives the impression that the ship met her end by floundering quietly.
What actually happened was that after sailing from Montevideo with a skeleton crew she was blown up. Two distinct explosions were heard shortly after eight pm on Sunday December 17, 1939. As I write I have in front of me a photograph of the twisted and burning hulk, still afloat.
Doubtless the sea-cocks would have been opened before the explosions took place, as presumably that would be standard in such circumstances. The point is that the *Graf Spee* met its end explosively, as a fighting ship, rather than allowing itself to sink passively.
Alex Fletcher, Barcelona

Scoring with Davina

I have never previously been inclined to write and congratulate any magazine on the superb choice and excellent presentation of an individual model. However, in the case of Davina Hill (Vol 21 No 11) I feel compelled to express my appreciation of the photographer's art. She radiates an aura of physical and sexual health and vitality. If there were a competition for sexual attractiveness she'd get top marks on my card:
1. Facial beauty: a friendly and open face with a warm, natural smile reflected in her eyes. 10/10
2. Neck and shoulders: smooth and seductive, made to be kissed. Any man would be delighted to nibble that beautiful neck. 10/10
3. Breasts: gorgeous, just the right size and beautifully shaped. Nipples positioned perfectly with the right amount of upward tilt, just asking to be caressed and kissed. 10/10
4. Back: delightfully shaped. 10/10
5. Bottom: magnificent. I'm not usually a 'bottom' man, but Davina's has altered my views. Not an ounce of surplus fat. 10/10
6. Thighs: twin columns of perfection with smooth flowing curves. 10/10
7. Calves: well-shaped and pleasing to look at. 10/10
8. Belly: fantastic, with just the right hint of soft, feminine curve, delightful waist, attractive navel. 10/10
9. Pubic hair: just the right amount, neat, short, non-invasive — inviting exploring fingers to linger for a while in eager anticipation before moving on to more exciting areas.
10. Pubes: insufficient data. ?/10
Can I persuade you to include a further series of pictures on Davina with at least one open crotch shot, so that I can complete my score card with a full mark of 100/100?
HW, Stroud, Glos

Forget the Alamo!

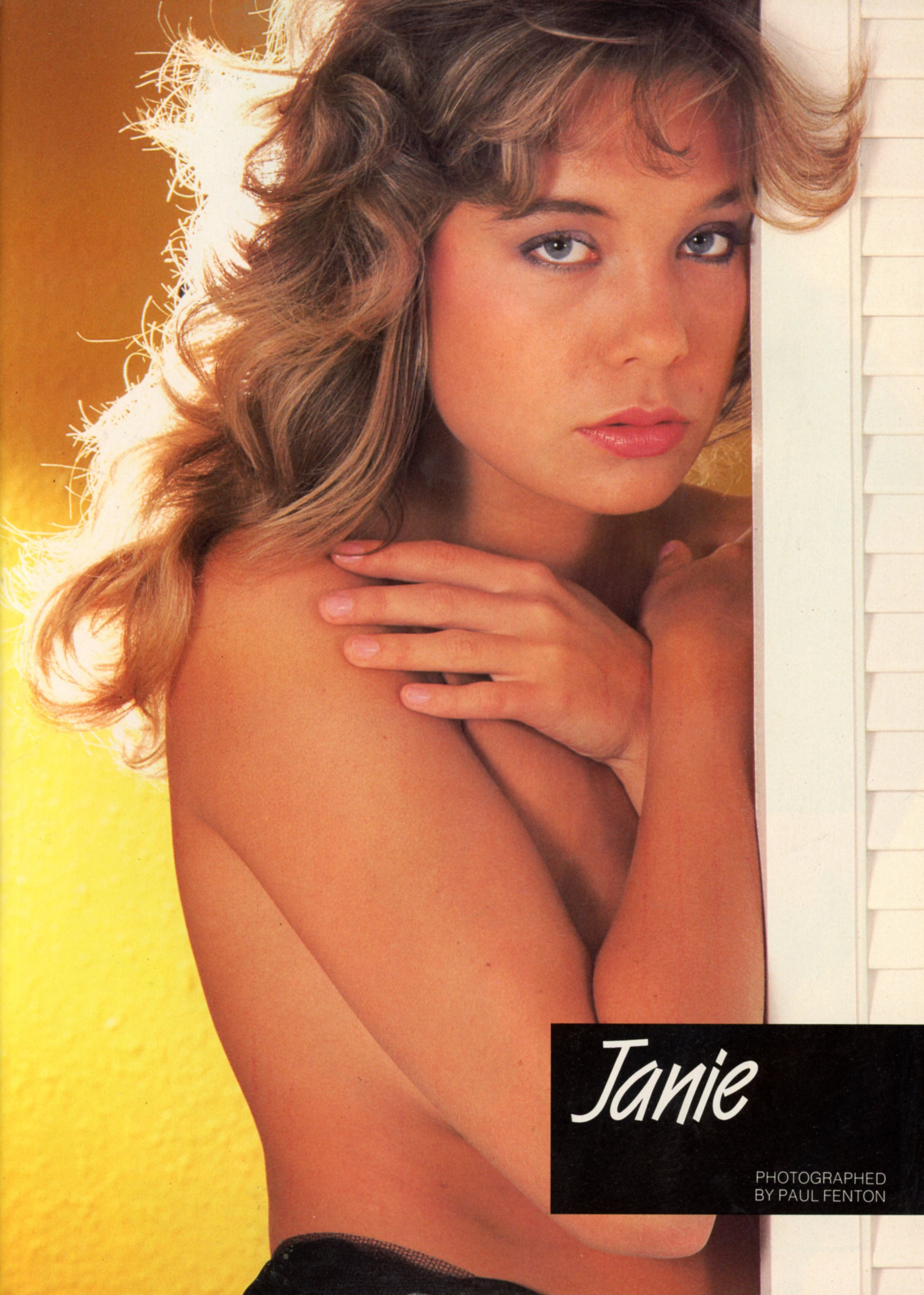
Gentlemen, you have been duped. Most of the legends contained in your feature 'Remember the Alamo' in Vol 21. 10 are examples of what we in Canada refer to as 'American bull-shit'! Just two instances:
According to one of their own historians the Mexicans had only 1,800 men in the army surrounding the Alamo, not the three to five thousand of American legend. Many were untrained, poorly armed and often without shoes.
Here is the breakdown: General Cos had 500, Duque had 200, Romero 300, Morales 100. Sesma commanded 300 horse while a further 400 were kept in reserve by Santa Anna himself.
At least six of the Alamo's defenders were captured or gave themselves up in the final slaughter. One of them was 'Colonel' Davy Crockett. All were summarily executed.
Any rational study of the Alamo's 'fortifications' will show how impossible it was for 180 men, spread over three acres, to repulse even 1,800 attackers *twice*, let alone 5000.
There was in fact only *one* assault. Five hundred Mexicans attacked Travis's position and quickly overwhelmed the fifty or sixty men there, then swept on southeastward across the courtyard towards the hospital and infantry barracks, with the Texans retreating before them. Three hundred Mexicans — supported by Morales and his 100 men — smashed through Crockett and his handful of defenders. It was all over quickly. These are the facts.
Pierre Berton, Toronto

'Alamo' author Gerald Rawling writes: 'My main source for the feature was the definitive account, Lon Tinkle's 'Thirteen Days to Glory', published in America in 1958, which drew heavily on frontier historians like Walter Prescott Webb and J Frank Dobie. Obviously they were all Americans, but I did make clear early in the article that many of the details of the incident are shrouded in — and hallowed by — legend.'

Too much of a good thing

My flatmate Janet and I are two New Zealander girls who regularly read your magazine, and we

turn to page 124



Janie

PHOTOGRAPHED
BY PAUL FENTON

LETTERS

continued from page 10

thought you might be interested in an incident involving an English guy which happend to us a few months ago. Janet was celebrating her twentieth birthday, so we decided to go to a disco in Auckland. It wasn't long before two guys came over and started chatting to us. Bob was English and his friend Ian a local guy. Janet danced with Bob most of the evening, which made me feel a little jealous, because he was a very good-looking guy. But I felt even worse when it was time to leave. I said goodbye to Ian, but Janet announced that she was taking Bob back to our flat.

Back home I excused myself and went to my room. As Janet's room is next to mine I couldn't help hearing her and Bob giggling and obviously enjoying themselves. Then all of a sudden, some fifteen minutes late, Janet gave this piercing scream and came rushing into my room. I thought at first she'd been attacked, but that wasn't the problem at all.

She told me that after kissing and cuddling with Bob she'd started to peel his clothes off. But when she pulled his pants down he'd pushed his cock down between his thighs so that she couldn't see it. She told him not to be shy, so he opened his legs and his penis had just lolled into view. It hadn't even been erect, but Janet described it as the most monstrous, wicked-looking 'thing' she'd ever seen. Janet isn't normally one to exaggerate, but she swore it reached to his knees and was thicker than her wrist.

This I had to see, so we both trooped back into Janet's room. I couldn't believe my eyes. Bob was stretched out on the bed and his cock lay right along his stomach, its huge, bulbous head almost touching his nipple. By the big grin on his face he was obviously enjoying all the attention he was getting, so I decided to take the initiative. I sat on the bed next to him, reached down and lifted his enormous snake-like shaft in my hand. The sheer weight of it astonished me.

When I started stroking him Bob took a deep breath, but he didn't try to stop me. Then he gave a sigh as his cock suddenly twitched and began to stiffen in my hand. I went on stroking him, gently tugging his foreskin, and eventually got him fully erect. His cock didn't grow much longer, but it broadened to about the circumference of my upper arm. It was truly out of all proportion to Bob's slim body.

By this time Janet had come over to us, mesmerised by the sight of this huge column of dark pink flesh. We swapped glances and I knew there was no way either of us were going to let him fuck us. Instead we derived our pleasure kissing, licking and wanking him together. At one point I had both hands pumping him, one above the other, and Janet's hands were doing the same above mind, and there was still room for another hand!

It seemed to take ages to finish. As we tugged harder it twitched more and more, until Bob's whole body suddenly went rigid and he fountained.

If all your guys in the UK are built like him, I don't know whether to feel envious or sorry for the English girls!

Maureen, Auckland, New Zealand

Flashes and bangs

In Vol 21 No 9 you printed an account of how this blonde female American reader and her girl friend enjoyed watching sex play between couples in London parks. We were also the objects of extremely polite voyeurs ourselves, and the attention paid by British gentlemen to our fun displays of legs, suspendered stockings and knickers made us look forward eagerly to a return visit. This time my husband joined me, after I'd spent three days with my friend, who is a brunette, aged 28, as I am, and even more adventurous sexually — or so I thought until my second holiday in Britain! Before leaving, we'd each acquired two pairs of the sexy but tasteful French knickers advertised in *Mayfair*. Debbie and I giggled as we peeped between each other's casually parted thighs while fully dressed; the contrast between her dark hairs and my blonde ones was clearly evident under her white knicker legs and my black panties, and usually a little more than just our pubic curls could be glimpsed. On our first outing we sat with our knees apart on the steps of a public building in Kensington, and were soon aroused when we noticed several men walking back and forth in front of us, one or two stopping to fix a shoelace to give them a better view of our tautly

turn to page 127

MAYFAIR

PHOTO SERVICE

DEVELOPING and PRINTING

Have your glamour, holiday or family films developed and printed through our own unique photo service. Discretion is assured.

12/20/24 exp. *FOR ONLY* **£3.50**		**36 exp.** *FOR ONLY* **£4.50**
plus 30p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

E6 35mm mounted slides 20 or 36exp **£5.00**
(£1 for total failure)

plus 35p p&p per film	No of films	Total £

Enclose Kodacolour, Sakura, Boots, Tudor, Fuji (C41 process) films in 110, 126 or 135 sizes only. This service is NOT available for black-and-white, Agfa, Submin or Half Frame films. Place films in a strong envelope together with a cheque or postal order made payable to MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE. No processing Saturday or Sunday. Film accepted on basis that its value does not exceed material cost. We reserve the right to change prices without prior notice and to alter finishes/materials subject to exigency of production. Full credit for all unprinted negatives.

NAME ______

ADDRESS ______

M22/2

Send your order to:

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE,
95A Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

MAYFAIR PHOTO SERVICE Reg Office, FPC (Advertising & Marketing) Ltd., 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

'I prefer the pubs in London to museums'

When Janie Christensen visits London from her native Copenhagen, she doesn't bother with the usual tourist attractions like museums.

She goes straight to *Dirty Dicks* pub in Bishopsgate. 'I love drinking in English pubs,' she told us. Janie, who is just under six fee tall with a 36-25-36 figure, is known in Denmark as a fashion model.

LETTERS

continued from page 124

suspendered stockings, and whatever our loose fitting knickers displayed. Judging from the cool breeze on what felt like my completely bare pussy, we were probably exposing our entire crotch areas! Our 'accidental' knicker and fanny flashes continued later on Underground trains, in parks and on the deck of a river launch. One appreciative businessman was bold enough to sit in front of me, staring up my skirt and sometimes looking me in the eye. I felt so randy that his eye contact made me wriggle my bum and gave me a tingle in my fanny — once again my wet drawers had to be changed at lunchtime!

When Don, my husband, arrived he was amused at our exploits but thought we were exaggerating our viewers' interest, so the next day he followed us into Regents Park and played the part of a casual onlooker. He was surprised to find that we were actually underestimating the effect of our display. Being closer to the observers he noticed that one or two were sporting bulges in their trousers, and one stimulated gent was definitely 'playing pocket pool'!

That night we made love with more intensity and excitement than in any of our five years since our honeymoon, and Don admitted that the knowledge that unknown men were so noticeably stimulated by me excited him enormously.

We'd sometimes playfully discussed the idea of me sampling another man's sex technique, but the thought had never become reality, as I was fearful that extra-marital sex might hurt Don or cause him jealousy. In my fantasies, though, I'd thrilled at the mental picture of receiving sexual caresses — and more — from a total stranger, who would never be seen again.

The next day we drove out to Gloucestershire and checked into a delightful, old, private hotel. After dinner we spent a happy evening in the lounge, where I was attracted by one of the two barmen, who brought drinks to our table. Don dared me to give him a subtle display, and our barman was soon aware that I was wearing suspenders and pink knickers.

By ten-thirty we had the lounge to ourselves and I needed to pee in the antiquated toilets outside, where it was raining hard. Don and the hotel proprietors were too busy drinking and talking, but the barman rescued me by holding a raincoat over me and escorting me to the loo. I relieved my full bladder, flushed the toilet and found, as I suspected, that my pussy was wet with another kind of moisture. But just as I was standing there, with knickers around my ankles and my dress pulled up to my waist, the door suddenly opened and, before I realised what was happening, the barman was pressing me up against the wall!

He kissed me passionately, his tongue exploring my knickerless bum and crotch, stroking my mound and slipping a finger expertly between my pussy lips. Meanwhile he was whispering how much I attracted him, how he admired my legs, and was excited by what he'd glimpsed under my panties. He then pressed my hand onto his exposed cock, which felt massive, and begged me to meet him in the hotel's kitchen for a drink when everyone else had retired. A glance down at his penis had me accepting, even though a part of my mind said, 'No way!'

Back in our bedroom I told Don what had happened, omitting only how I had stroked the barman's stiff cock — I felt as if it was still burning my hand! Feeling my slippery pussy, Don said, 'Go on, I dare you — you're ready, alright. I know you won't go all the way, but why not give him and yourself a little thrill?'

I wondered whether it was the bourbon, claret and cognacs talking, but before we could change our minds I donned a black silk robe, went into the bathroom and inserted my diaphragm, warning myself of the dangers of spermy fingers inside knickers!

Off I went down the darkened corridor and stairs, feeling nervous but excited. Then all logical thought vanished as the barman stepped from the shadows and embraced me, kissing me hungrily, opening my robe and running his hands all over my body. With his mouth glued to mine and his hands stroking my quivering breasts and erect nipples, he manoeuvred me into a games room which had a large billiards table. Lifting me onto it,

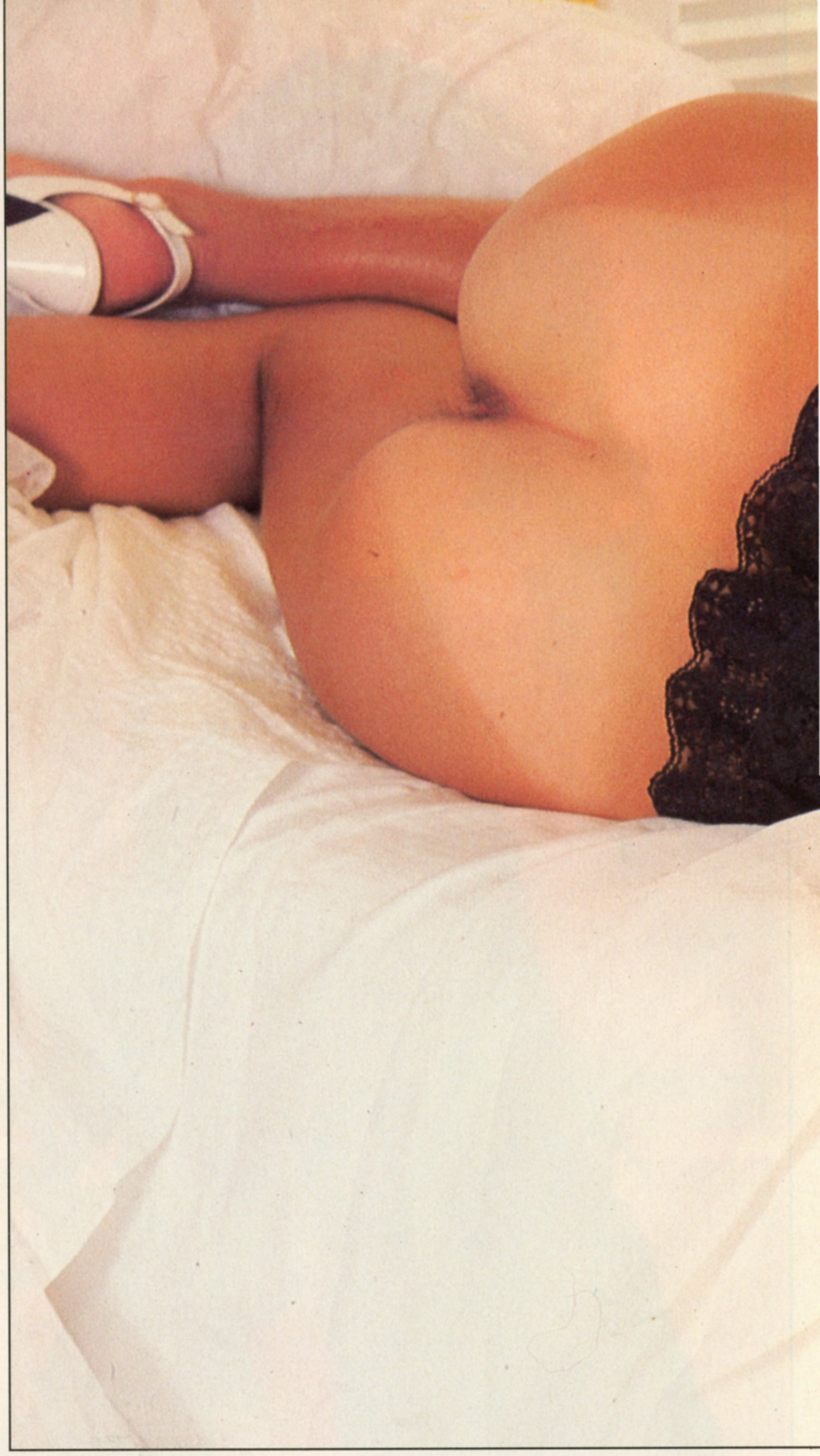
turn to page 130

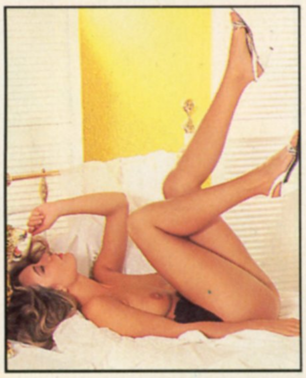
NEXT MONTH IN MAYFAIR

It's NEWS when a megastar takes a new girlfriend.
It's SENSATIONAL when they talk of marriage.
It's MINDBLOWING when she poses nude.
It's only NATURAL we should get the pictures.

Exclusively yours in *Mayfair* next month.
On sale Wednesday February 18.

Janie likes English men, but does not go for the chauvinist type. 'I can't say I like this man or that one because I don't look at a man and say I want him. I have to get to know him. I like my man to be kind and sweet, and a good cook as well as a good dancer.'





'I don't look at a man and say I want him'

LETTERS

continued from page 127

he fingered my wet heated quim while sucking one breast. I almost lost myself in the gorgeous sensation, until I glanced down at his turgid cock — only the second British one I'd seen — and noticed it was uncircumcised, something rarely seen by New York women. It felt like iron sheathed in velvet and, although thrills were hitting my quim, I wanted to take it in my mouth. I'd started to slide off the table, when the barman pushed me back, spread my thighs and buried his face in my crotch, lifting my knickers aside to lick and nibble my pussy, until I was so full of lust I raised my bum to drop my panties and kick them off. I climaxed mildly, and the barman gazed at me, muttering, 'Ah, lovely! Your hairy bush and sexy cunt framed by your stockings and suspender belt!'

Immediately he started to eat me again, and I had to push him away as the feeling was too intense. Moving onto my knees, I guided him into my mouth, loving the steely but silky feel of him. But as I began to suck, I noticed a flicker of movement in a corner of the dark room. The other barman was standing by the curtains, slowly stroking his own handsome weapon!

The barman whispered, 'It's only my partner — let him stay — you excited him as much as you did me.'

And stay he did — a full team of cameramen would not have bothered me as he shuddered, then erupted in my mouth, while the second man came over, climbed onto the table behind me and began stroking and fingering my arse and fanny, until the first slid from between my lips and I fell forward on all fours.

Reaching back, I took hold of the second man's cock and guided it between the lubricated lips of my pussy, and with one push he penetrated me deeply. His pistoning thrusts and the feel of his groin slapping against my arse soon made me come explosively. After those fireworks, the rest becomes a little blurred, but I do recall the fantastic feeling of four hands and two tongues doing wonders for my body, plus a vague memory of fellating the first back to full erection, so he could mount me too. I also have a distinct memory of satisfying his partner orally at the same time as the first barman came in me!

When my two lovers finally escorted me to the stairs I was aching in muscles I didn't know I had. They were the first men actually to fuck me since Don was awarded 'sole nights.'

After cleaning up in the bathroom and slipping off my ruined stockings, I slipped into bed beside him. When he asked what had happened I put his hand between my legs and told him to guess the answer. 'Heck,' he said, 'I never thought you'd actually do it, but that feels like one well-screwed pussy to me!' Admitting that it was, I felt his cock stiffen immediately, and my account of every detail of my adventure turned him into an incredibly ardent lover — he even did me orally, knowing that two men had been there before him.

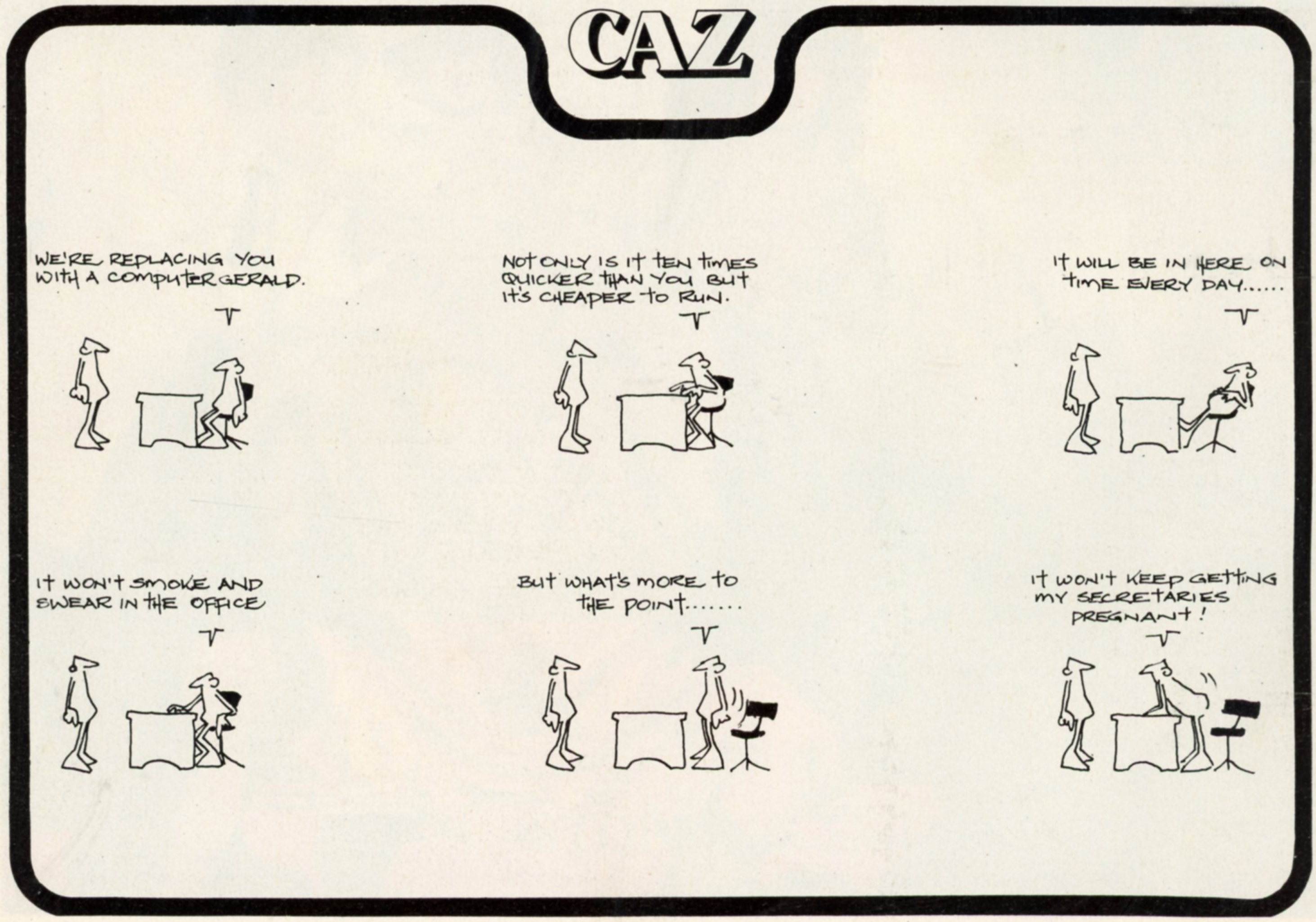
The next morning he told me that his initial jealousy had been obliterated by his intense arousal at my 'blatant naughtiness'. We found that our mutual enjoyment of my sexy episode made us feel very close to each other.

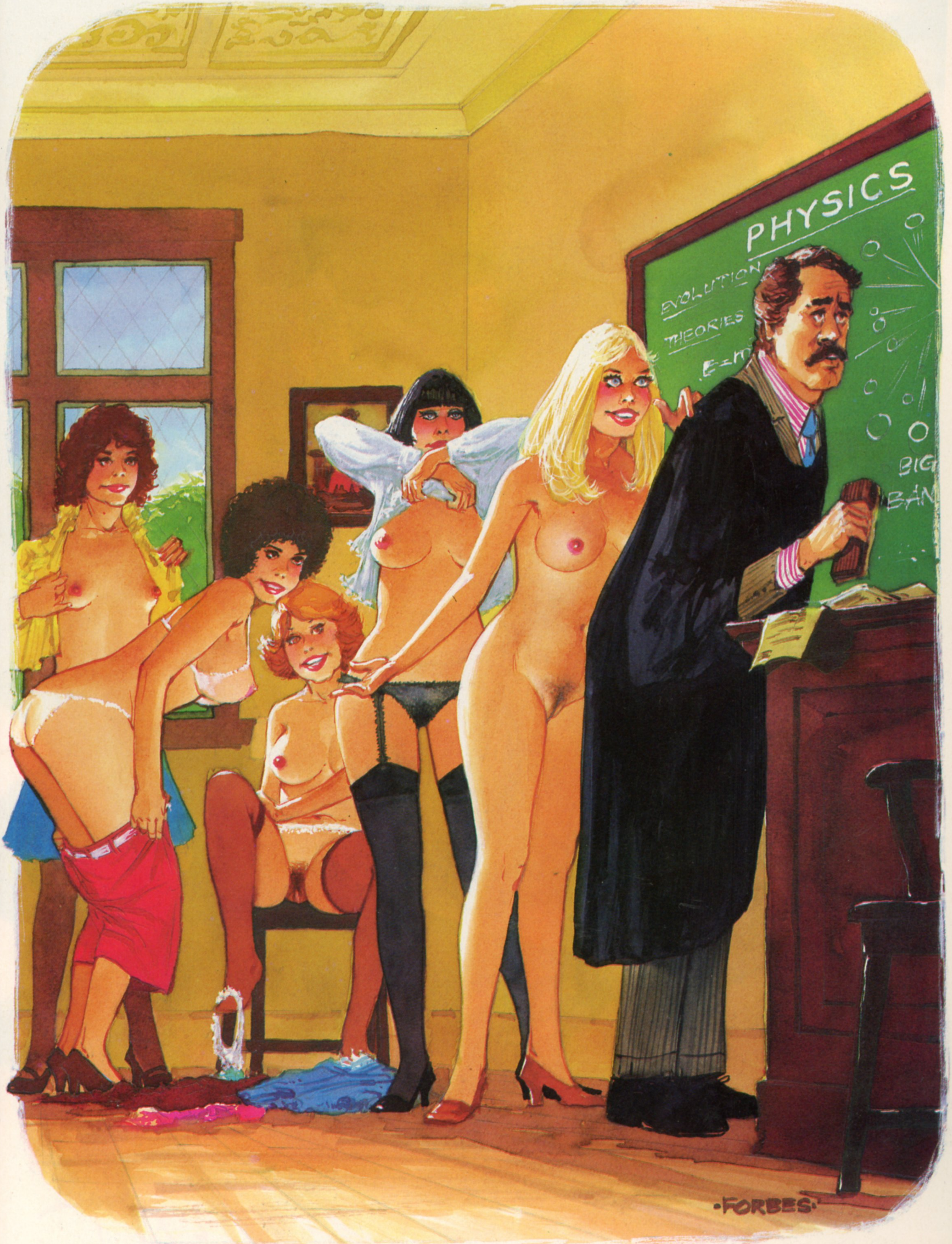
Before I returned home I'd been satisfied again by 'riding' a local artist in a hotel, knickers off and dress around my ears, while Don was peeping from a closet. On another occasion *he* became the object of voyeurism in our hired car at a beauty spot, when I sucked him and then climbed into his lap for intercourse. It was near dusk, but we were overlooked by another couple and two men, one of whom was 'exposed'! Our marriage seems stronger and more enjoyable now that we're honest with each other about our respective urges. And it's largely due to two holidays in the sexy UK.

So now, if any randy British visitors feel adventurous, there's a hotel in New York on 44th Street with a cosy little bar . . .

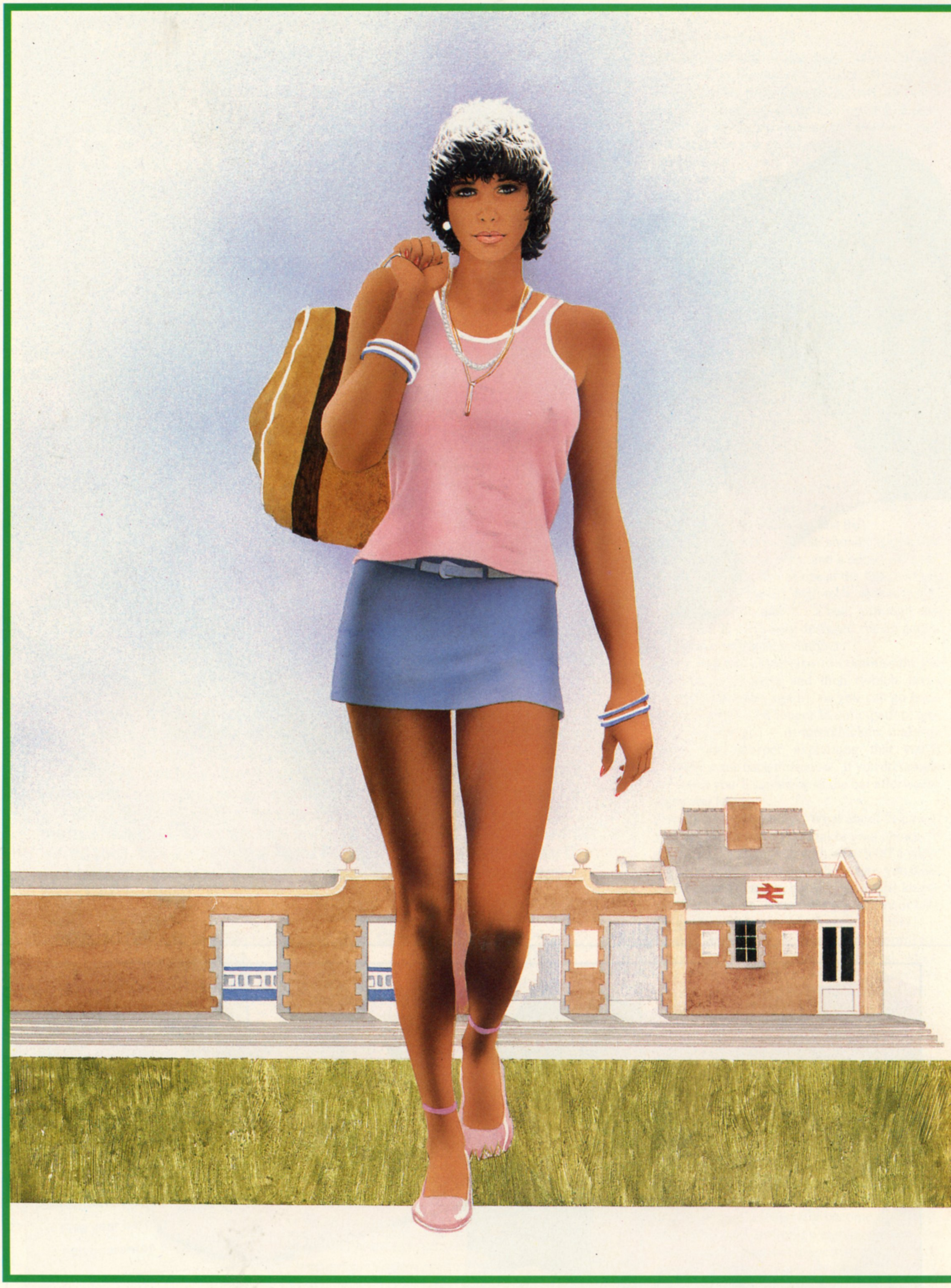
I K, Brooklyn

We welcome all your views, comments and anecdotes. Write to Letters Editor, Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London, WC2A 1DZ.


CAZ
WE'RE REPLACING YOU WITH A COMPUTER GERALD.
NOT ONLY IS IT TEN TIMES QUICKER THAN YOU BUT IT'S CHEAPER TO RUN.
IT WILL BE IN HERE ON TIME EVERY DAY......
IT WON'T SMOKE AND SWEAR IN THE OFFICE
BUT WHAT'S MORE TO THE POINT.......
IT WON'T KEEP GETTING MY SECRETARIES PREGNANT!


PHYSICS
EVOLUTION
THEORIES
E=M
BIG
BAN
FORBES

'Professor Wilson, you did say that no cosmologist has come up with any new thoughts on the Big Bang theory in recent years, didn't you?'



He had never replied to a Personal advertisement before, and when he saw her long, tanned legs and heard her invite him to feel how smooth they were he began to wonder why

Fiction by Ronald Ereleigh

HELLO I'm Miss Lonelyheart...

Cheap house prices and an excellent job offer had brought him north, but he had reckoned without the social possibilities of Northport. Bored, he had replied to a lonely hearts advert. A reply had arrived promptly. He re-read the letter again:

'Dear Jonathan,

'Thank you for your reply to my advert in the NS. My name is Mavis, although some of my friends in Todmorden call me Mave the Rave. (Only joking!) I put the advert in because, although I am not lonely and lead a very full life, I seem to have reached a dead end with the fellow I go out with, and because Todmorden (Tod we call it) is so small I am more or less stuck with him no matter what my wishes and *desires*! I am 35, 5 feet 6 inches, divorced with a good figure although I have small breasts, so if you are a breasts man I am not for you. Give me a ring and we can arrange a meeting.

'Yours Mavis Ridley.'

Well, he thought, not exactly the thing I thought I would get from a *New Statesman* reader, but promising, although in the present sexual desert anything would seem promising. Small breasts... never mind. 'Desires' underlined — that seemed a good omen, a very good omen.

He drove to work and, while waiting at a traffic light, he was assailed by visions of a voluptuous though small-breasted (was that possible? he wondered) divorcee, long dark hair...

On entering the attic room, simple, cotton-mill girl that she was; she took off her clogs, padded, bare-footed, in her shift to his bed. She tried not to wake him from the sleep he so richly deserved, since, as she knew, he had worked all night on his novel. But desire overwhelmed her, she lifted the bed-sheets off him and with an earthy Lancashire moan, sank...

'Jesus, mate, you've been sat dreaming in front of the light for two changes! What the hell is the matter?' An irate motorist was standing at the car window, shouting at him. Jonathan mumbled something about jammed gears, and drove off as quickly as he could.

That afternoon, when Jonathan arrived back home, he put through the telephone call to Mavis in Todmorden that he had not been able to make at work. There was the usual uneasy conversation between two people trying hard to communicate, but who do not know each other well enough to do so. They settled for exchanging information. Jonathan's telephone number. Pause. They both admitted that it was the first time that they had done anything like this, but that they were desperate. Me probably in a different way to you, thought Jonathan.

She was a teacher, at present unemployed, two children, and was the secretary of the local CND. Jonathan remembering his last encounter in the Northport singles club, where they would not

ILLUSTRATION BY
GLENN MITCHELL

believe that he was anything other than unemployed, admitted to working in television and presently was a sort of teacher. Then he got down to the nitty gritty; when could he meet her? This proved surprisingly easy, as Mavis was only too pleased to meet him, provided it was not in 'Tod'. The boyfriend, ex-boyfriend she added hastily, would cause trouble. There was also one other problem, she was very broke. Jonathan arranged to drive to Leeds to meet her and then, all being well, they would come back to his house in Northport for the weekend.

The conversation then almost dried up and Jonathan was tempted to add that there was a spare bed here if necessary (which was a lie), and she didn't have to . . . Then they both admitted to being overwhelmed by excitement and that was the end of the conversation.

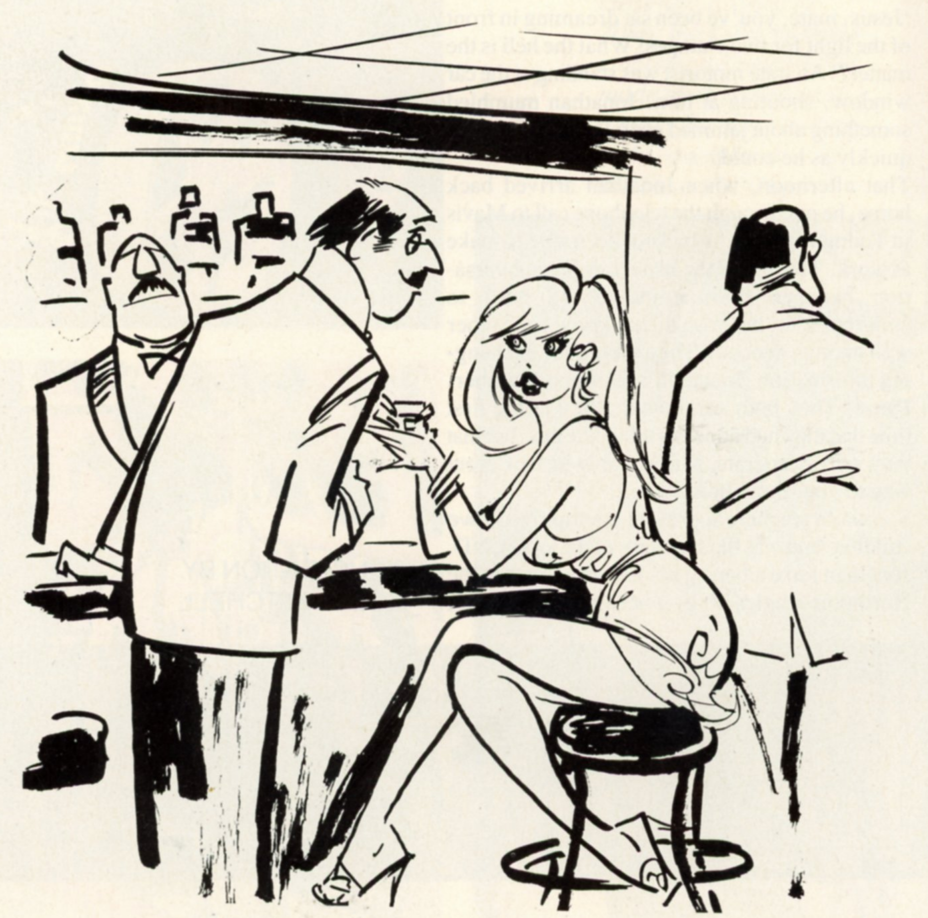
She would probably turn out to be a nut-cutlet-eating socialist, who only did it for health reasons, thought Jonathan gloomily. Thinking Titanic, he had come to call it. Then the telephone rang. 'I've got long, beautiful, sexy legs,' breathed a voice; the line went dead.

Christ! It was Mavis. Long, beautiful legs. 'Oh my God,' groaned Jonathan, as a life-jacket appeared on the deck of the Titanic. 'Sexy!' A large rescue ship appeared on the horizon.

That weekend Jonathan sat waiting in the small car park in front of Leeds station on Saturday morning in a ferment of excitement. Ever since the telephone call about long legs, it had been a matter of iron discipline. He had decided that it was best if he did not appear too eager. Friday evening had been the worst, he had nothing to do and there was definitely no diversions from the peep show that the newly married couple across the road, still too poor to afford curtains, unknowingly put on for him.

Late that evening he had cracked, and telephoned Mavis. As he waited for her to reply he wondered what should he say? Tell her that he was so randy that he could not think straight? No. Tell her about his boss, Ray, a certifiable prick? Perhaps use more temperate language. Yes, that was it. There was no reply to the persistent ringing . . . Mave the Rave was with one of the many and interesting replies that she had received from the advert, even now engaged in conversation and sex. Of course she would never want to see him again after this . . . No she was at a boring CND meeting, talking to other boring middle-class people, with the only bangs around, apocalyptic rather than sexual. He made himself go to bed.

In the car, waiting, the weasel thoughts restarted. Perhaps she was unbelievably ugly or a raving feminist or an unbelievably ugly raving feminist. No, she had said she had long, sexy, beautiful legs . . .


'My name is Marilyn A Cox . . the 'A' is for 'adores'.

They were driving along and he admired her legs in an urbane and debonair way. Very carefully she ran a delicate hand up the inside of his thigh then, in one polished swoop, she released his flies. Her red lips parted and then closed over his glory, leaving smudges of passion . . .

What absolute bullshit, he admonished himself. Well, she did say she had sexy legs, not a very right-on, feminist thing to say . . . and the way she said it . . . dear God, have mercy on me, I've had enough bad luck in every department, especially sex, I deserve a break.

Then he saw her walking uncertainly to his car. Her hair was short and black . . . a feminist . . ? Wearing a very short denim skirt, which showed her long legs to perfection. She had a sexy, swaying walk, which made him swallow hard. Her legs really were good. Athletic without being muscular. Long, slim and brown. Firm thighs. Shiny.

Easy does it, confident, deep breath, deep voice, first impressions are very important. He jumped out of the car so quickly that he almost emasculated himself on the door handle, 'Hieeeeee,' he squeaked.

The woman stopped in her stride and regarded him uncertainly.

'I'm Jonathan,' he said *basso profundo*.

She smiled, 'Hello, I'm Mavis,' putting her hand out in greeting.

Jonathan who was busy massaging his nether regions, stumbled both literally and metaphorically, 'Ah, yes, well, sorry about that, I almost did myself an injury.'

Instead of averting her eyes in a maidenly fashion, she looked keenly at the injured groin, 'That would never do,' she said. 'You sure you are alright?'

'Nerves.'

They both got into the car, and Jonathan thought for a while. It was plainly not on to drive straight to his house and . . . Jonathan stole a quick glance at her. She sat perfectly still, looking straight ahead, with a demure smile on her face. Her legs were even better from close-up. She really did have on a short skirt . . . those thighs, full of Eastern promise . . .

'Shall we stop and have some tea? I used to know a place just out of Leeds, Knaresborough, on the river, very pretty.' Where an old girlfriend, and I used to go and sit and talk, after we had fucked the world to a standstill.

'That sounds fine.' Smiling pleasantly.

Emboldened Jonathan continued, 'I'm very nervous, I feel like a kid on my first date.'

Mavis giggled. 'So do I,' she confessed.

'The thing is . . .'

'Sorry I'm . . .'

'After you . . .'

'No you . . .'

They both dissolved into laughter.

That broke the ice and they both relaxed. Jonathan discovered that Mavis had been divorced for three years, read more or less the same books as him, and her two children were at present with her mother. He, in turn, said he was divorced, which was why he moved up north, but all the while he was stealing secret looks at her spectacular legs.

The restaurant-cum-coffee shop where he had spent many an exhausted morning, afternoon and

turn to page 26

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

Marion

By day an account executive in the high-powered world of public relations, by night a sexy glamour model who enjoys the idea of turning on *Mayfair* readers with her full 36-24-36 figure. But Marion Cook, 23, loves what she jokingly refers to as 'my double life'. 'I work for a small PR company in the West End, and although I find it mentally stimulating, it can be a little straight-laced. so when I model it is a release from my daily life of sensible suits and client meetings.'

Marion's homelife tends to be more conventional and sedate. 'Pottering round the flat I like to listen to classical music rather pop. Brahms is my favourite composer, and I often spend the evening curled up in a chair and losing myself in his Violin Concerto.' Her other main interest is houseplants which cover every available space on shelves or the floor. 'I know the place looks like the hothouse at Kew, but every time I see a new plant I have to buy it. I'm sure they like Brahms too.'

continued from page 18

night was still there, still serving good coffee, even thought it had gone up-market over the years. Jonathan took this to be an enormously favourable sign.

After a while he looked at her and then grimaced quizzically. She nodded affirmation, looking him in the eyes. Then everything was so right? Yes, she was saying, I do like you and I will come with you to your home. He too nodded, it had been a long hard winter.

He waited for her in the car while she went to the toilet, then presently, smiling over some secret, she settled herself beside him. They chatted away, as Jonathan headed homewards, stealing covert glances at her all the while. Her and her thighs. She really did have magnificent legs. Firm, smooth, no hairs.

She read his mind, 'I rub them with pumice stone, it makes them smooth. Here, feel.' She took Jonathan's one hand and placed it delicately on her thigh. 'Then I rub cream on them. They're brown because I've got a sun lamp. I'm brown all over. It's more erotic.'

Jonathan could actually feel his heart banging on his shirt with excitement. 'Feel,' she said pushing his hand a little higher.

He obliged and then stopped. There was something wrong. No, he was still driving one-handed, on the correct side of the road, at safe speed. Jesus H Christ, those were pubic hairs. He felt a little higher. Not only were they hairs. Oh sweet mother... she was wearing no knickers. None, abso-bloody-lutely none.

His fingers countinued their half-scared, half-crazed, voyage of discovery. After a while Mavis parted her legs slightly and said softly, 'A little bit higher, you're in the wrong place. Yes that's it, gently now. Gently.'

He was having some difficulty in concentrating on driving, but he did not want to stop for fear of somehow breaking the spell. Unfortunately, on the turn-off past Scotch Corner, there was a long steep up-hill and Jonathan had to change gear, necessitating using both hands. With the utmost reluctance he withdrew his fingers and then his hands. He chanced a quick smell before he gripped the gear lever. Heaven; clean, earthy, chestnutty.

'What would you like me to do for you?'

Jonathan wrestled with his zip, which was in turn containing an almighty erection. Sweating gently, and with her help, he unzipped and eased the bulging muscle out of his underpants. Mavis looked at it for a moment, 'Oh it's all wet.'

She wiped the oozing tip with one finger, then like a child, greedy for every scrap of ice-cream, licked her fingers.

She went down on him and Jonathan held hard on to the steering wheel, fearing for a moment he would wake up and find it was all a dream. A car came towards them and passed with a solid woosh.

After a while he relaxed and wallowed in enjoyment. 'Oohh... this is really fantastic. Oh really.'

'Mmmm,' came the reply.

He placed one hand between her thighs and gently caressed the smooth length ending in wetness.

This was undoubtedly the best car trip, the most fantastic, the most erotic, beyond his wildest dreams... They overtook a lorry much higher from the ground than they were and affording the lorry driver a perfect view into Jonathan's car. He looked down at them with bored inattention and then back on to the road again. In a classic double-take he reappeared, eyes bulging, head hanging literally out of the window, unable to believe what he was seeing: the classic truck driver's jackpot.

There was despair in his eyes as Jonathan pulled away. Remembering his own sexless predicament of not that long ago, Jonathan sympathised with the driver. After a while he withdrew his hand and caressed her hair. She responded by licking and sucking with renewed delight. He luxuriated in a tumescent warmth coming in waves from his middle, thinking that this put a completely new perspective on the phrase 'coming up the motorwary'.

With what seemed like indecent haste they arrived back in front of Jonathan's house. 'We're here,' he said stopping the car.

Mavis disengaged her mouth and sat up slowly. 'That was nice,' she said. There was a pause. 'What's the matter? Why are you waiting?'

Jonathan pointed to his erection, 'Scare the neighbours,' he said laconically.

They carried some things from the car to the front door, which Jonathan opened, and gestured for her to precede him. 'May as well put my things in the bedroom. Where is it?' said Mavis. Close behind her, Jonathan pointed up the stairs.

She came up to him, kissed him full on the lips and then turned and picked up her tote bag. As she did, her skirt rode up and Jonathan saw the tip of the hairy triangulation of his delight. She had taken two steps up the staircase, when Jonathan, still close behind, took hold of her hips. She halted in her upward path and, coming a step closer, Jonathan ripped open his flies. She pulled up the short skirt slightly in preparation, and he slid easily into her slippery, well-oiled warmth.

'I thought you'd never get round to it,' she said. 'Is this OK for you?'

'I always come like this.'

* * *

Two weeks later spring was in the air, but as far as Jonathan was concerned the Titanic was entering the iceberg zone. So he decided, as he drove to work, that the only thing to do was face up to his nagging problem like a man.

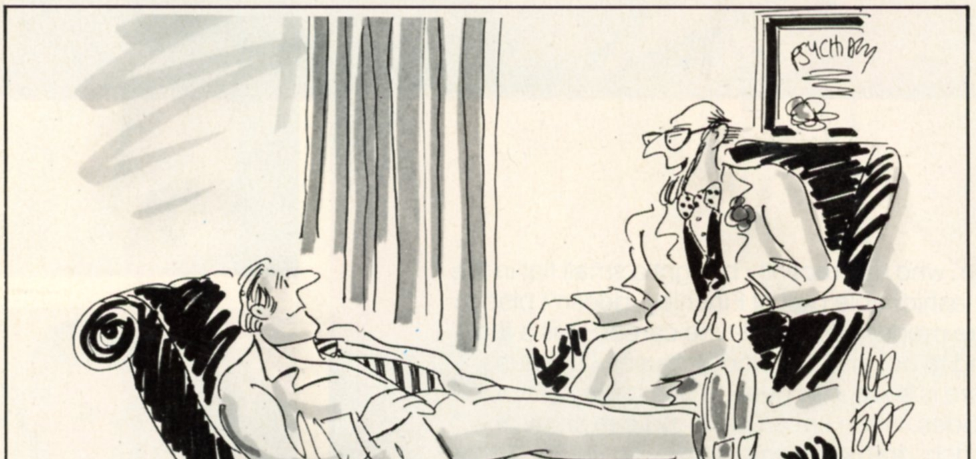
For the first couple of weeks Mavis had been simply unbelievable. Quite the best lay in years, sex beyond man's wildest dreams. Then he had to miss two weekends seeing her because of pressure of work. Worse, she hadn't returned any of his phone calls. He came to a decision next weekend (blessed relief from work and his nutty boss) he would surprise her in Tod.

* * *

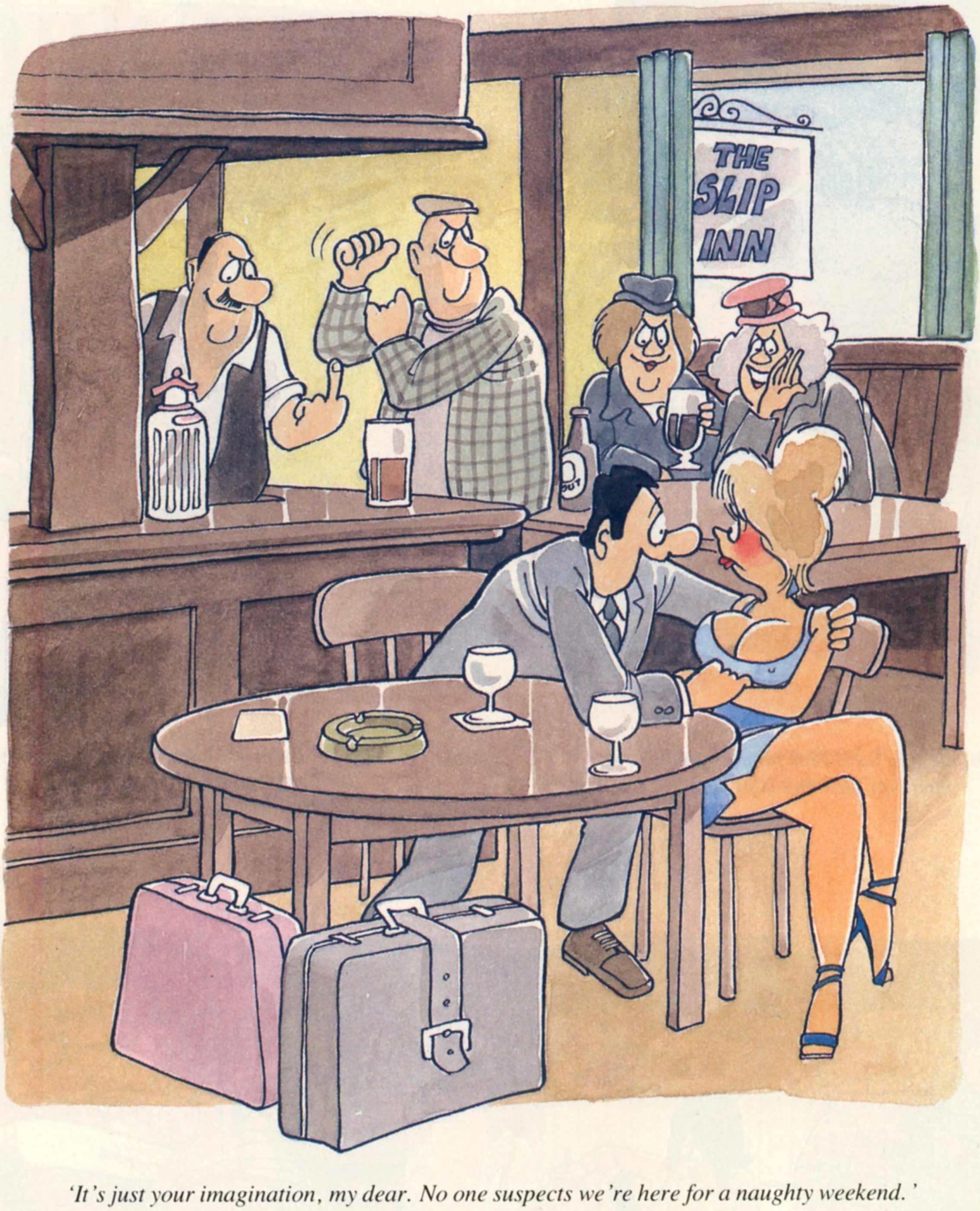
He rang the bell in high anticipation... but no answer. He knew she was in because the kindly neighbour told him so.

So ring the door-bell with glad tidings, Oh dear me, no reply. Notice another car parked on doorstep, not all that difficult since there were no other cars on the street. Ring and ring again. Ask not for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee Mavis. And I come with intentions that will make the Karma Sutra look like Mother Goose, Ring, ring. Here is Mavis, Mave the Rave, looking distinctly shagged out, clad only in flimsy garments. I know you Mavis, I know what you have been doing and it's not tea and scones with the vicar. 'Actually I'm engaged to be married. Do you want to meet my fianceé?' Sorry I interrupted the fuck, please forgive me, it's all my fault. Oh woman who has haunted my nightly dreams, is it marriage you wanted in your solid Northern way? I cannot offer my hand in marriage, separation drew me up here, not divorce, because she won't let me go... Forgive me I lied to you.

He stopped at the newsagents and bought another copy of the *New Statesman*.



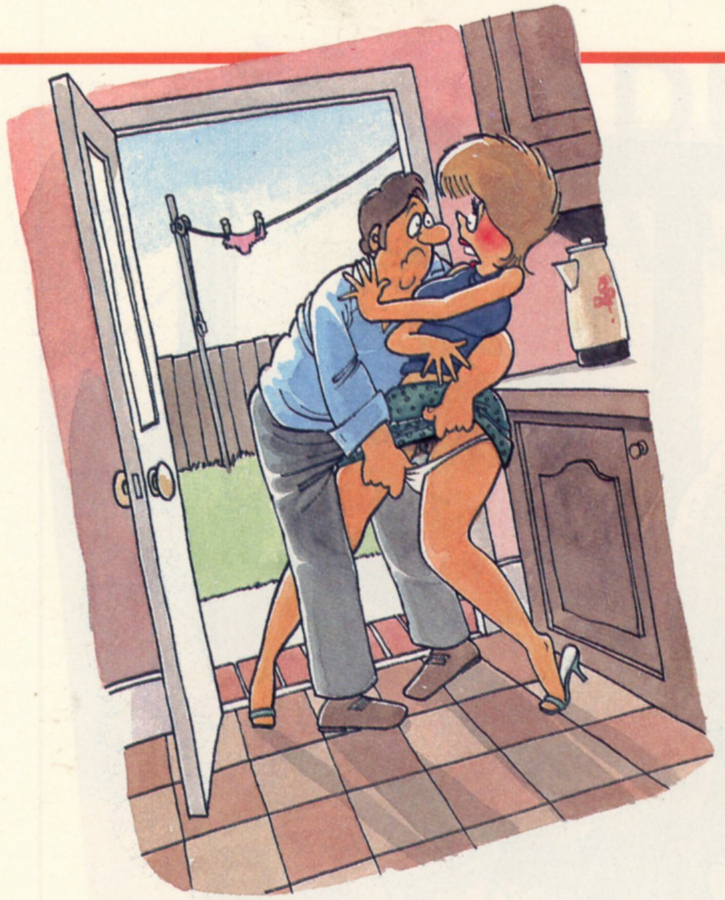
'.. And please tell your Managing Director that I'm delighted he's finally overcome his inability to delegate.'



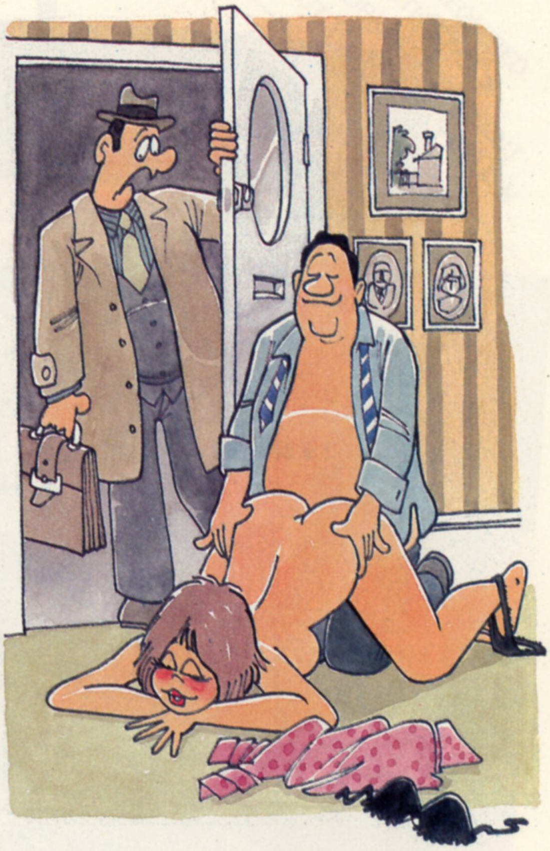
'It's just your imagination, my dear. No one suspects we're here for a naughty weekend.'

ALL THE FUN OF AFFAIRS

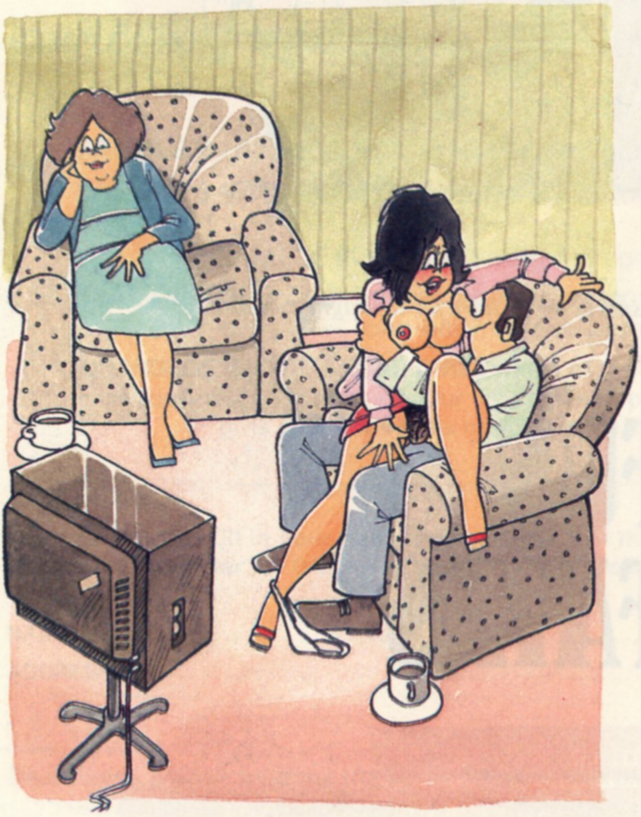
Many a married man or woman is tempted by a little nookie. Cartoonist Anthony looks at the funny side of the eternal triangle



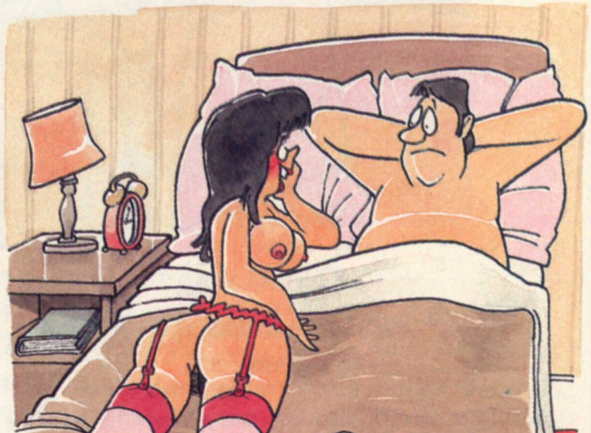
'No, no, you fool! Pink panties on the line mean my husband is at home!'



'My wife! My boss! Oh good evening, sir.'

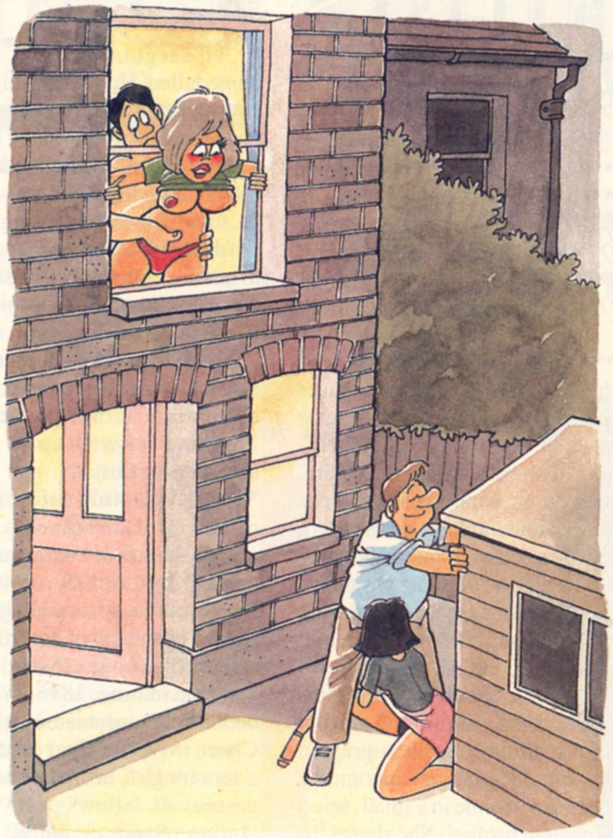


'You have a very understanding wife, Mr Williams.'

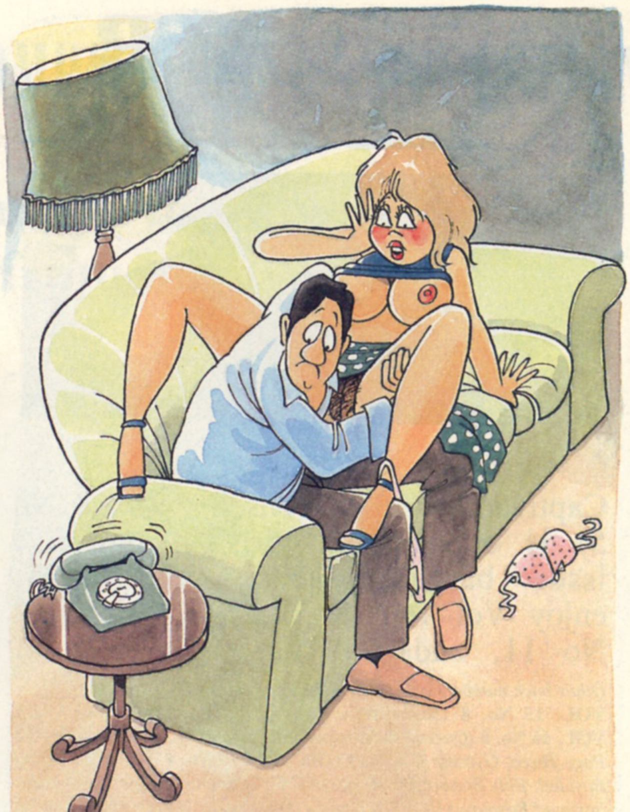


'I said I'd had six husbands. I never said I'd been married.'

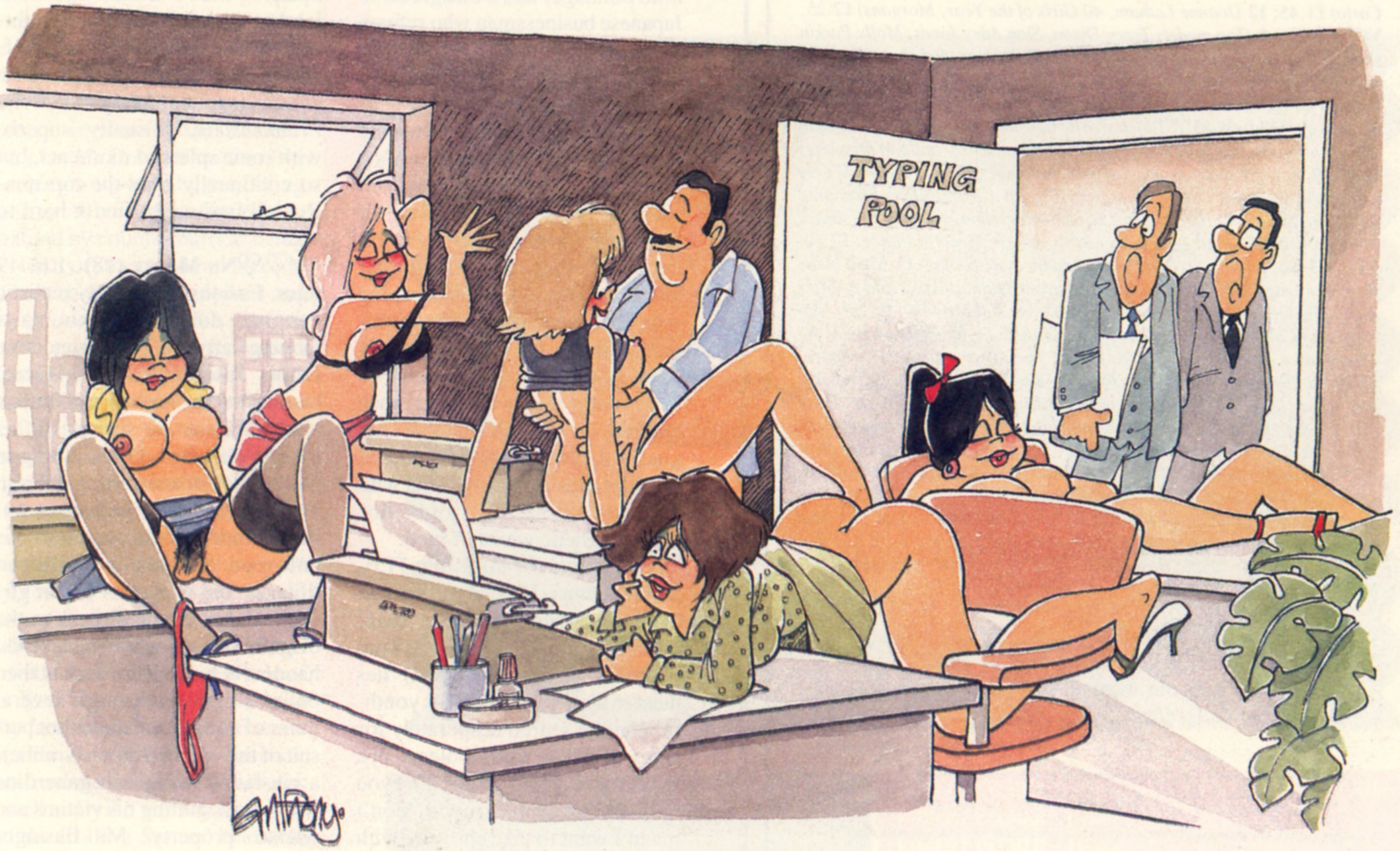
Marion, who has recently bought a small flat in the more fashionable part of Finchley, doesn't plan to make modelling her full-time career. 'It is a fun thing to do, and the money is useful because there is so much I need to buy for my place. Besides, when I'm an old lady I can show my grandchildren what I did in my wild youth.' And how wild is she? 'I like to let my hair down at the weekend and go crazy in a club like the *Hippodrome*. When I dance I really let myself go. I'm a real exhibitionist and love to wear something just a little bit daring. I tend not to have regular boyfriends — they get too jealous.'



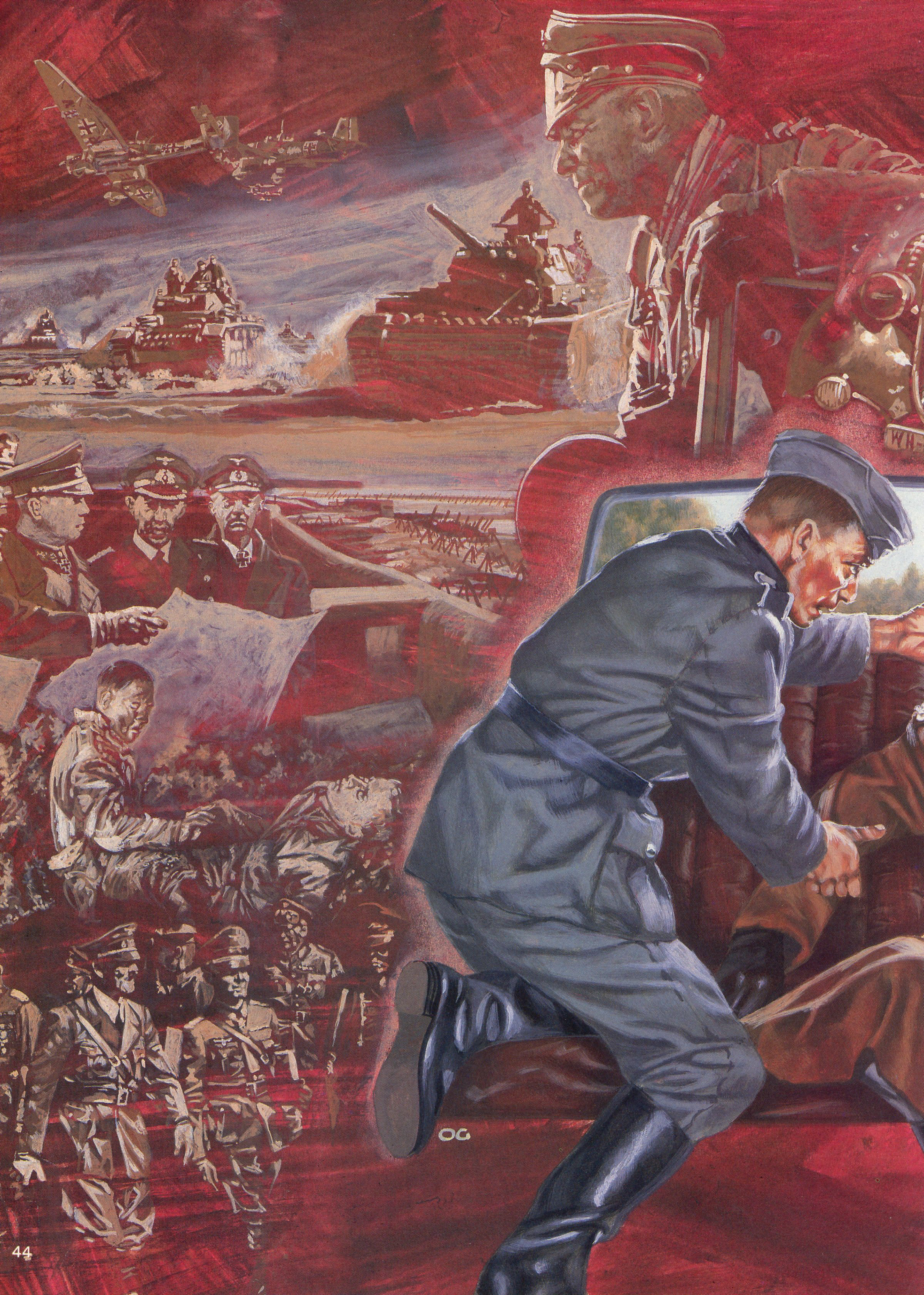
'Well of all the nerve! Isn't that your wife down there with my husband?'



'It could be my husband, but then again it might be your wife.'



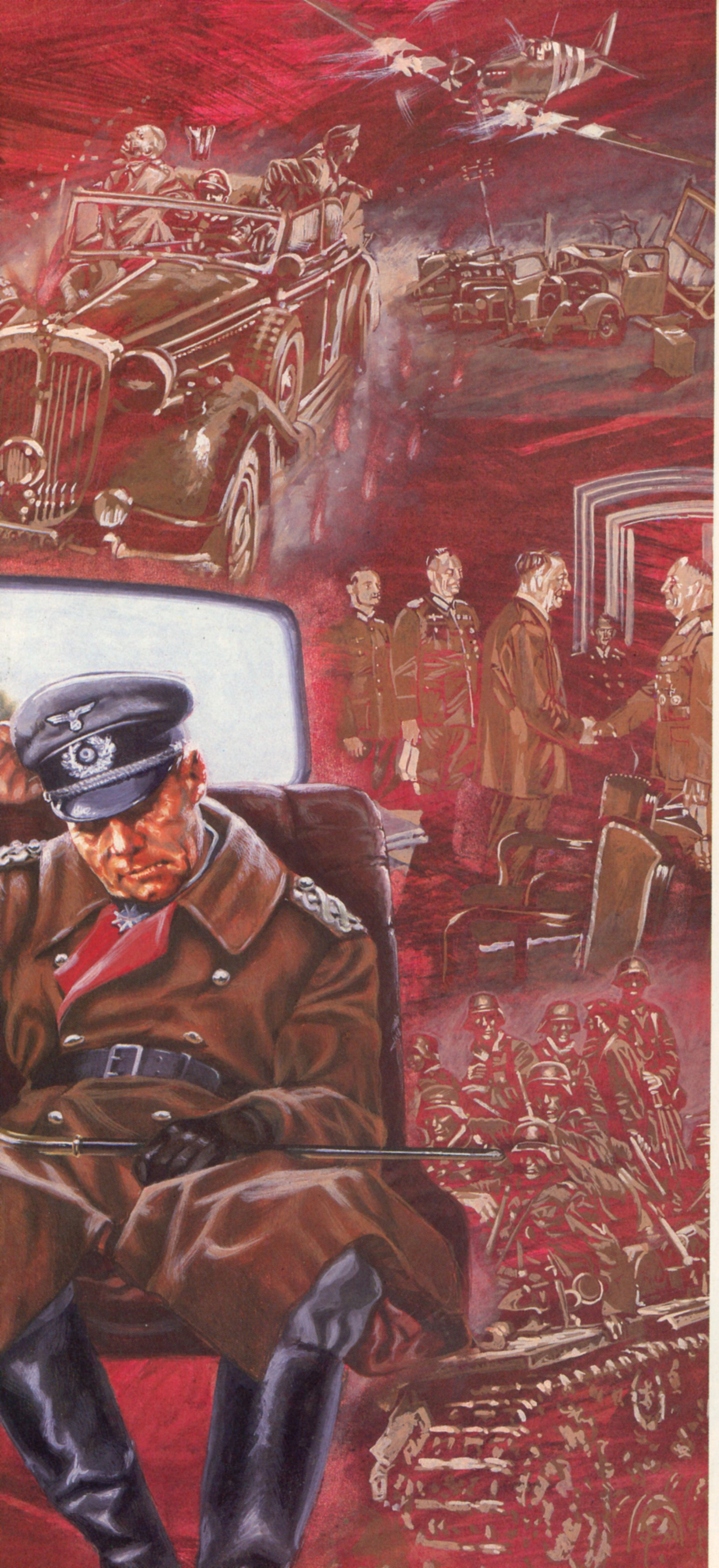
'Most chaps would be content to have a fling with just their own secretary.'


OG

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN PATRICK BURGESS

JANET

It gets pretty cold in Fort William at this time of year, as 21-year-old Janet McPherson can testify. No wonder she jumped at the chance to go to Tunisia for a sun-soaked shoot.



By Gerald Rawling

Hitler's favourite general, Field Marshal Erwin Rommel was admired and respected by the British. But a ruthless streak made him disliked by his colleagues, and finally he had to commit suicide or stand trial as a traitor

ROMMEL HATED BY FRIENDS, ADMIRED BY ENEMIES

There were two generals in the Opel staff car which ran down from Berlin to meet the Field Marshal in Herrlingen. They arrived punctually at midday, and courteously refused an offer from the Field Marshal's wife to take luncheon. It was business, they said. The Field Marshal, still recovering from a quadruple skull fracture received in action only a few months earlier, was unsure why they were here, but had earnest hopes that they had come to offer him a new command.

It was a pleasant October day in 1944, and he had put on his old Afrika Korps open-necked tunic as a more relaxed uniform in which to meet his visitors. He invited them into his study. General Burgdorf, one of Keitel's deputies at OKW (Supreme Headquarters in Berlin) was a large, rather florid type, his subordinate, a major-general called Ernst Maisel who was on the legal side of Personnel Division and merely attending as a 'material witness', has been described as slim and rather foxy-looking. It was Burgdorf who did the talking.

Within seconds the Field Marshal realised that, far from being offered command of an army group on the Russian front, he was being accused of high treason, and offered a choice — he could go back with the Generals to face trial by a

ROMMEL

People's Court, or he could take the traditional 'gentleman's way out', so familiar to the Prussian officer corps, of taking his own life. If he did that, Burgdorf said, his name would not be disgraced, he would have a state funeral and his widow receive a full field marshal's pension.

It did not take the Field Marshal long to reach a decision because the outcome of a trial would inevitably be a verdict of 'Guilty', since he now knew that three very senior officers had given sworn statements under interrogation — or more probably torture — that he had been involved up to his neck in the July Bomb Plot to assassinate Hitler. It was untrue, but he would never be able to prove it. He sighed and said: *'Jawohl*, I will take the consequences. *Ich habe mich vergessen*. (I forgot myself).

He then told them that he was not sure he could handle a pistol sufficiently well to shoot himself, and Burgdorf produced a cyanide capsule which, he said, 'works in three seconds'. He was given a brief moment to say farewell to his wife and son, then walked out to the Opel, where the two Generals held the door open, standing stiffly to attention at the salute and saying, *'Herr Feldmarschall!*' His servant handed him his cap and helped him into his greatcoat, then passed over his field marshal's baton. He climbed into the back with Burgdorf, while Maisel sat in front with the driver.

They only drove 200 yards before Burgdorf ordered the driver to pull over. On his instructions, the driver and Maisel left the car and walked up the road a short distance. Returning a few minutes later, they found the Field Marshal slumped forward, unconscious and obviously dying, but making sobbing noises — 'not a death rattle or a groaning,' as the driver said afterwards, 'but sobbing. His cap had fallen off. I sat him upright and put his cap back on.

In these macabre circumstances one of the most famous, daring, unconventional and popular generals of World War Two finally ended his career — privately, in ignominy and humiliation — but publicly in a blaze of glory with all the trappings of a state funeral. His name was Erwin Rommel. He was revered, practically deified, by the German public at large; he was Hitler's favourite general — one of the reasons why he was allowed to commit suicide rather than be strangled from a butcher's hook with piano wire — and he was viewed with reluctant admiration and a healthy respect by the Allies, particularly in North Africa where he proved a most dangerous and capable opponent.

Other German generals, like Manstein, von Rundstedt or Guderian, all had long and highly successful careers, but none of them rivals Rommel in the sense of becoming a legend in his own time. And he was the only German general to rate an 'Allied' film in 1951, with American director Henry Hathaway and British actor James Mason, turning out *'Rommel: Desert Fox'*, with a superb performance by Mason, of which one critic wrote: 'If he didn't look like Rommel, at least he looked like someone to be reckoned with,' which shows how the British public thought of him many years after his death.

In assessing Rommel, Sir Basil Liddell Hart, who edited the Field Marshal's diaries, *The Rommel Papers*, says in his introduction that the 'outstanding feature of his numerous successes is that they were achieved with inferiority of resources and without any command of the air. No other generals on either side in World War Two won battles under these handicaps, except for the early British leaders under Wavell — and they were fighting Italians.'

He was also one of the few World War Two leaders who led from the front. In the European theatre there is only one general to compare him with in that respect, and that is Patton. Both were 'armoured' generals, both had that instinctive 'feel' of the battle — the *coup d'oeil* which combined swift sure intuition with swift sure action leading to bold, even reckless moves at times, and both were more usually to be found 'up front' in an armoured command vehicle, or a tank within grenade throw of their enemy, than back in their headquarters. As a result, their troops worshipped them and their senior staff became critical, saying they would spend more time in the rear — understandably since they were out of touch at many critical moments.

Johannes Erwin Eugen Rommel was born on November 15, 1891 at Heidenheim near Ulm, a Wüttemburger from Swabia, son and grandson of school teachers who were amply endowed with the prevailing middle class virtues of stolidness, respectability and provincialism — it was very much a bourgeois background, which would remain part of Rommel's character all his life. Not here the Prussian aristocratic officer corps, still less the swaggering, bullying high risers of the Nazi Party who would come later.

It seems to have been his father's idea to enrol him for a military career and in July, 1910 he joined the 124 Württemburg Regiment as an officer cadet. His progress at that stage was unremarkable, but four years later the First World War broke out and, now a fully fledged lieutenant, he went to war for the first time.

He had two years in France where he won the Iron Cross Second Class at Varennes, and the First Class in the trenches in the Argonnes, both for personal bravery, and was already the most decorated junior officer in his regiment. Fortunately for posterity — and indeed the Wehrmacht of World War Two — he was removed from the holocaust of trench warfare on the Western Front in October, 1915, and posted to a newly formed Württemburg Mountain Battalion, fighting the Italians who were trying to invade Austria and recapture the port of Trieste.

Here, at the battle of Longarone, Lieutenant Rommel's *Abteilung* (a few companies of riflemen and machine gunners) sneaked round behind the Italians, crossed the freezing waters of the River Piave, and crept up in the rear of a vastly superior, but demoralised Italian force. In the morning he accepted the surrender of 8,000 enemy soliders.

For this feat he was awarded Germany's premier decoration for valour of the day, the Pour le Mérite, nick-named the Blue Max, the nearest German equivalent to the Victoria Cross.

Between wars he remained in the miniscule German Army allowed by the Treaty of Versailles and climbed slowly up the ladder of

turn to page 58

Depicted in a glamourous way by Nazi propaganda — in Afrika Korps uniform with goggles and binoculars — Rommel in reality lived up to his legend, matching his military success with adulation from the troops he led into battle.

'Normally, right now, I'd be curling up in my wee house with a bottle of ginger wine for company,' smiled Janet. 'But this year *is* a bit different.' Very different indeed from the cramped office with one small gas fire where Janet works as a secretary to a man she describes as 'dishy but canny.'

ROMMEL

continued from page 46

promotion. He was a colonel instructor at a staff college in Potsdam in 1937 when he published his notes in a volume called *'Infanterie Greift am'* (*The Infantry Attacks*). This book was an astonishing success and brought him to the notice of Hitler. After the annexation of Austria in 1938, he had a new posting as commandant of an officer cadet school in Wiener Neustadt near Vienna. By now he was married to Lucie (Lu) Mollin and had a son, Manfred.

In 1939, with Czechoslovakia in the bag, Hitler turned his attention to Poland and, remembering young Rommel, sent for him, made him a general and put him in charge of his war headquarters. After that it was relatively easy for Rommel to get the command he most desired — that of an armoured (Panzer) division. In fact it was the Seventh.

Blitzkrieg time, May, 1940 and Major-General Rommel stood poised with his division. Arch Priest of the doctrine of blitzkrieg was General Heinz Guderian, and to him must go chief honours for the outstanding success of the hammer blow against Belgium, the Netherlands and France, which caught the Allies in total disarray. But it was Rommel who, charged ahead with his Seventh Panzer.

An infantryman by upbringing, he took to armoured warfare like the proverbial duck to water. Thus, when the final order for attack came, he was literally miles ahead of his flanking divisions, and nowhere near his HQ. He could be found in a Panzer IV tank 'up front', and only in tenuous contact with divisional staff by radio.

Reaching his first major obstacle, the River Meuse, and lacking smoke cover for his operations, he simply set fire to a row of houses to provide the screen he needed, then constructed pontoon bridges and got his tanks across. Always unconventional, he instructed his tank commanders not to wait for enemy fire but to go in with guns blazing to catch the enemy unawares. But on at least two occasions he could be devious in the sense of 'sailing under false colours', sending his tanks in to a prepared French position with their crews sitting outside and waving white flags, then dropping them and calmly accepting the surrender of a dazed enemy who really did not understand what was going on.

Serving close to Rommel on his campaign was to prove a dangerous business; if the divisional Commander seemed to bear a charmed life, the same could not be said of his subordinates. At Arras, his adjutant, Lieutenant Most was killed a yard away from him, sinking to the ground with blood gushing from his throat. A little later Major Erdmann, who commanded his reconnaissance battalion, dived for cover along with his chief when 150 mm howitzer shells were landing between them and they were only yards apart. Erdmann died, his back 'torn open', Rommel survived 'shocked but unscathed'.

He eventually reached the coast at St Valery to find that his outfit had been christened by the French the 'Spook' or 'Ghost' Division, and there accepted the surrender of eleven British and French generals, including Major-General Victor Fortune who commanded the 51st Highland Division.

Only one unpleasant incident marred an otherwise heroic armoured dash to the Channel Coast. Overtaking a French staff car in his own command vehicle, Rommel found himself facing a French lieutenant-colonel who was not prepared to obey instructions from his captors. 'His eyes glowed hate and impotent fury,' wrote Rommel in his *Papers*, 'and he gave the impression of being a thoroughly fanatical type.' Ordered to get into a tank and accompany his captors, Rommel goes on, 'he curtly refused to come with us, so, after summoning him three times to get in, there was nothing for it but to shoot him.' Murderous incidents like these occur in any war, but it is hard to believe that a 'clean' general like Rommel could have authorised such a thing. Unhappily, we have his own word for it. Such ruthlessness, however, no doubt appealed to Adolf Hitler, who gave Rommel his next posting — to North Africa.

His opponent was General Wavell, who was then not simply commander of the Desert Army which would later be immortalised as the Eighth Army, but also C-in-C Middle East, with responsibility for areas like Eritrea and Syria, where fighting was also going on. Despite these distractions, Wavell's largely Commonwealth troops had scored remarkable successes, practically wiping out Graziani's Tenth Army, overrunning the whole of Cyrenaica and large sections of Tripolitania. They had captured important ports like Tobruk and Benghazi, and looked set to take Tripoli. They probably could have done it too, but Churchill put an end to those aspirations when he syphoned off veteran Commonwealth divisions and RAF squadrons for an ill-fated expedition to Greece and Crete.

Thus Rommel stepped on stage in North Africa when Wavell was filling the gaps in his army with raw Commonwealth troops, and all forward movement had stopped. But Rommel was by no means his own master. This was an Italian sphere of operations and the C-in-C was always an Italian general. Rommel himself had a kind of corps command known as Panzer Group Afrika, the most important part of which was the Afrika Korps, under Lieutenant-General Crüwell, consisting of 15 Panzer and the fifth and 90th Light Divisons. The rest of his troops consisted of five divisions, all Italian, all infantry, and remarkably lacking in transport.

But like so many other generals, Rommel could not mix happily with Allies of a different race; he despised the Italians in the way that Patton despised the British. His only consolation was that Hitler, alike mistrusting the Italians, appointed one of his top Luftwaffe men, Field Marshal Albert Kesselring, as C-in-C South, in spite of objections from the Duce and his staff in Rome.

Once in North Africa, however, Rommel bounced out of his corner with gloves up almost before the bell rang of Round One. Told by his Italian Allies that any question of advancing eastward was out of the question because of difficult terrain, he jumped into a Heinkel He III and flew over the area for an inspection. What he saw convinced him that he could successfully attack, re-take Benghazi and possibly even Tobruk, admittedly a much tougher problem. In total defiance of orders from his superiors he went into the attack. (Quite unknown to Rommel, Hitler was about to invade Russia, which would starve North African operations of reinforcements, supplies and air support in the same way that Wavell was suffering because of Allied efforts in Greece).

As early as March 24, 1941 he sent the Fifth

turn to page 76

TOPLESS
KISS-A-GRAMS
TONY ELLIS

'It's the rugby club. For double pay, would one of you be willing to do a bonk-a-gram?'

ROMMEL

continued from page 58

Light Division (soon to become 21 Panzer) to retake El Agheila, which they successfully did, and it was then that Rommel instinctively knew that he had caught Wavell wrong-footed, and despite orders that he was merely to 'hold' the British, plunged on to take Benghazi on the night of April 3.

But it did not end there. Rommel had the sweet smell of success in his nostrils; he realised that the whole of Cyrenaica was there for the taking, and he had Wavell in disarray. He launched a three-pronged attack on Mechili, having bypassed the strongly held fortress of Tobruk, blithely assuming that the British would do 'another Dunkirk' from there, although the Ninth Australian Division, who held the place had no such notion.

As always, he was flying to all points of his leading elements, usually in a Fieseler Storch light observation plane, sometimes landing with fresh, on-the-spot orders, sometimes throwing out messages to his senior commanders with instructions like 'Mechili clear of enemy. Make for it. Drive fast. Rommel.' When not flying to the front he had an enormous captured British armoured command vehicle, called a Mammoth, in which he was more often found with forward troops than anywhere else.

He drove his senior commanders ruthlessly, on occasions verging on paranoia. When Lieutenant-General Streich, commander of 21 Panzer, refused to accept orders which were clearly impossible to execute, Rommel accused him of cowardice, whereupon Streich grabbed the Knight's Cross at his throat — won for gallantry in 1940 — and said: 'Nobody has dared tell me that before. Withdraw that remark, or I'll throw this at your feet.' Rommel mumbled an insincere apology.

A little later Streich was able to deliver the kind of 'retort courteous' that anyone would like to achieve. Faced with the new commander of 15 Panzer Division, Major-General von Prittwitz (who had just arrived in Libya and knew nothing about the tactical situation), Rommel bellowed that the attack on Tobruk was stagnating and 'the British are escaping'. Stung, Prittwitz jumped in a staff car and raced off at high speed to the Tobruk perimeter, where he was promptly cut in half by an anti-tank shell. Hours later, Rommel was driving around south of Tobruk in his Mammoth when a couple of vehicles started overtaking from the rear. One of them looked British, although the other appeared German. Rommel told the machine gunners to stand by, but having caught up, the two pursuing vehicles skidded to a halt and an angry General Streich jumped out, shouting the news of von Prittwitz's death. Rommel glared at him and said: 'How dare you drive after me in a British car. I was about to have the gun open fire on you.' 'In that case,' Streich retorted, 'you would have managed to kill both your Panzer Division commanders in one day, *Herr General.*'

Undeterred by similar contentious squabbles Rommel now had the feeling that he was the man with the ball. Tobruk was still important, and would have to be taken, but his eyes were now fixed on sweeping through Egypt to the Suez Canal, then on down to Eritrea. Historians have since described his further advances as the 'Dash to the Wire', the 'Wire' being the frontier between Egypt and Libya, which was indeed heavily enmeshed with wire entanglements to say nothing of minefields.

By now a full general at 49, he had sacked Streich, who seemed to have a mind of his own, and replaced him with von Ravenstein, subsequently taking on Alfred Gause as his own Chief of Staff and Fritz Bayerlein as Chief of Staff to his beloved Afrika Korps. All these generals were people he could 'get on with', because they seldom queried his orders.

As usual he was way in front in the 'Dash to the Wire', penetrating it at dusk one evening with Gause in company, and then breaking down on the Allied side. He had pushed so far ahead that the radio truck was left behind, putting him out of touch with his HQ. Incredibly, Crüwell, who still commanded the Afrika Korps, ran across the stranded vehicle in the dark, and the whole party crowded into Crüwell's ACV, which also held Bayerlein on board. Thus four generals, six other officers and five men spent an extremely uncomfortable night trying to find a way back through the wire, while unsuspecting British vehicles drove around in the dark within yards of them. Fortunately, Crüwell's vehicle was a captured Mammoth and excited no suspicion in the dark. At daybreak they found a gap in the wire and escaped to their own side.

Dangerous undertakings like this notwithstanding, Rommel succeeded in pushing his attack as far as El Alamein, a bare 100 miles short of Cairo and Alexandria, and his dream of reaching the Suez Canal seemed near fruition. In addition he finally succeeded in capturing Tobruk. Hitler was understandably impressed, made him a field marshal and awarded him the Knight's Cross of the Iron Cross with Oak Leaves and Swords and Diamonds. He was the first German officer to earn the whole collection. Rommel himself, in self-satisfied mood, confided to his diary, 'these British have been taught far too long to be good losers. I've never been a good loser, I am going to win.' And he could be held responsible for the sacking of numerous 'good loser' British generals, since Churchill back in Whitehall was thumping his desk and shouting — 'Rommel, Rommel, what else matters but beating him!'

As a result a lengthy catalogue of very senior British officers left the North African scene. Wavell and Auchinleck were sacked by Churchill; Neave, Cunningham and Richie were sacked by either Wavell or Auchinleck; Churchill had to find a completely new team for C-in-C Middle East and Commander of the Eight Army. He came up with Alexander for the former, and Montgomery for the latter.

But holding high command under Rommel was a risky business too. We have already seen Streich sacked and von Prittwitz killed. They were followed by Neumann-Silkow, Prittwitz's successor (killed), Crüwell (captured), Gause (badly wounded), von Ravenstein (captured), at least six others who ended up dead, wounded or captured.

But for all his optimism and ruthless drive, El Alamein would prove the beginning of the end for Rommel in North Africa. His lines of communication were now badly stretched and supplies of essentials, like petrol, ammunition and food, were coming through in only a trickle, since Malta was still in British hands, and between them, the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force were either sinking the transport ships, or shooting up the commissariat vehicles. By contrast the British had no supply problems, had command of the air over the battle front, and had piled up a tremendous superiority in tanks, guns, vehicles and troops, many of whom were by now veteran desert fighters. And there was a new General for the Eighth Army, Lieutenant-General Sir Bernard Montgomery — and here again there were comparisons with Rommel.

As military historian David Irving, puts it in his

turn to page 84

Field Marshal Erwin Rommel pictured wearing the legendary Iron Cross at his neck. He won it during his two years in France in World War One, second class at Varennes, and first class in the trenches in the Argones, both times for personal bravery.

Janet owes her lucky break from the chill of the Highlands to a friend suggesting she send a photo of her 35-24-34 figure to a local photographer. 'I thought modelling was just for you English,' she said. 'But now I know how good it can be, I may well do some more.' But what does her boyfriend think? Her reply is instant. 'What boyfriend?' she asks.

ROMMEL

continued from page 76

book, *The Trail of the Fox*, using the present tense: 'Both are lonely men, with more enemies than friends among their fellow generals; both are high-handed and arrogant, professional soldiers devoid of all intellectual pursuits; both are awkward and insubordinate officers in harness but become magnificent and original battle commanders in their own right; neither smokes or touches strong drink; both share a passion for winter sports and physical fitness.' Finally he adds that 'they are both publicity conscious. Rather as Rommel wears his famous cap and Perspex goggles, Montgomery flourishes an incongruous Australian bush hat coverd with regimental badges.' (Not yet the celebrated beret of later campaigns).

When the final confrontation came at El Alamein in October, 1942, Rommel had gone home exhausted, having handed over temporarily to General Georg Stumme. Stumme was an experienced general, but a newcomer to the desert scene and Rommel briefed him exhaustively. Thus it was that, apeing Rommel's techniques, he went up forward in an unescorted staff car to 'put himself in the picture', and came under enemy fire. The driver stamped on the throttle to avoid trouble and in a series of wild escape manoeuvres, flung the vehicle bakc to HQ, only to find that the General was missing. (Later the body was found and it appeared that he had fallen out and died of a heart attack).

Recuperating with Lu in Wiener Neustadt, Rommel was summoned to Hitler's presence, and readily agreed to return to his command at once, despite his still indifferent health. Unfailing pragmatic, he recognised at once that blitzkrieg time in North Africa was over and it was now to be a question of orderly and systematic withdrawal to prepared defence lines in the face of Montgomery's huge superiority.

'Hello, sailor.'

Now Montgomery was the man with the ball, and thus Rommel's stopping points at Sollum, El Gazala, El Agheila, and other places moving westward, ended up on the Mareth Line, deep in Tunisia and within 200 miles of the important ports of Bizerta and Tunis. It was then that the Americans landed in Algeria far behind Rommel, and it was there, at the Kasserine Pass, that Rommel fought his last successful armoured engagement. He slammed in against the unprepared virgin soldiers of US Second Corps, and scored one more spectacular victory, leaving wrecked tanks and vehicles all over the Kasserine Pass, and taking hundreds of dazed American soldiers into captivity. But it was his swan song in North Africa. Montgomery was pressing hard against the Mareth Line, and a new American general, one George Patton, had taken over command of US Second Corps. It was the beginning of the end for *Panzerarmee Afrika* and the *Afrika Korps*. Still in poor health, Rommel left Africa on March 9, 1943, never to return.

Although still popular with Hitler, Rommel was not so with the Führer's chief advisers at OKW (German High Command), Field Marshal Keitel and Colonel General Jodl, and the problem remained of how to employ Germany's most famous, popular and newsworthy general. Fortunately Field Marshal Gerd von Rundstedt, the oldest and most senior of all German generals, who was C-in-C on the Western Front, put in a detailed report to OKW on the weaknesses of the defence system in an area where the most feeble-minded onlooker could expect an Allied invasion almost daily. Thus Rommel received his final appointment as a kind of 'Inspector General' to look into von Rundstedt's defences along the Atlantic Wall.

Rommel, now physically recovered, plunged into his new job with predictable energy and enthusiasm. Now that his wife and son had been removed from the vulnerable (to Allied bombing) city of Wiener Neustadt to the remote village of Herrlingen in his native Swabia, deep in south Germany, the Field Marshal could give his whole attention to the defence of the Atlantic Wall. Eventually given a proper command, that of Army Group B, consisting of Fifteenth Army in the Pas de Calais area, and Seventh Army further south in the Normandy/Brittany region, his plan from the start was to defeat an invading enemy *on the beaches* where they were most vulnerable.

But he had an enormous stretch of coastline to cover, and he tackled it with elaborate plans for mines on the beach approaches of every kind — anti-personnel, anti-tank, anti-paratroop — along with mines to sink ships and landing craft, and a whole forest of dug-in stakes on beach approaches, and topped with explosive devices known as 'Rommel's asparagus'.

Further, he sought permission to keep Panzer elements close behind the most likely beach areas for close and immediate counter attack, a tactical theory discounted by von Rundstedt on strategic grounds, since, worried about deep penetration by airborne troops, he felt they should be congregated in the Paris district for immediate despatch to whichever area was threatened.

The invasion came, of course, in June, 1944 on the Normandy beaches, and the Allied troops, at whatever cost, got themselves ashore and carved out beach-heads, the exact situation Rommel had been at such pains to avoid. Rommel now knew that an orderly withdrawal to a new defence line was the only practical solution. Even von Rundstedt agreed to this, but Hitler, paranoid as ever, refused to let his Western generals voluntarily yield an inch of ground. Their situation was further aggravated by a brilliant Allied deception plan, which convinced the Germans that the Normandy landings were a feint, and that the real attack would come in the Pas de Calais area later. Thus he kept his Fifteenth Army with all its Panzers on full alert, but refused to allow them to come south to the assistance of Seventh Army around Caen, where they were desperately trying to contain Montgomery's armour.

It came to a point where both Rommel and von Rundstedt were summoned back to the Berchtesgaden for a conference with Hitler, and both Field Marshals were outspoken. It made no difference. Hitler, well aware of Allied superiority on land, sea and in the air talked about support from totally non-existent 'strong anti-aircraft highways, protected by a large number of flak emplacements and covered by fighter patrols'. All rubbish of course, and both Field Marshals knew it. Rommel was later quoted by his chief naval adviser, Admiral Friederich Ruge, in these terms: 'He had sworn his oath to a man whom he recognised more and more as a usurper and a criminal . . . In this situation where no satisfactory solution could be seen, (he) had to solve these moral problems by himself, according to his conscience and his knowledge.' Von Rundstedt, too, got the message and when Keitel asked him after the meeting 'What shall we do?', the ageing Field Marshal snapped back at him, 'What shall we do? Make peace, you fools, what else can you do?'

By now Rommel was thinking on these lines as well. Both Field Marshals expected to be sacked, but Rommel remained, Rundstedt was pushed to the side-lines and replaced by von Kluge. And von Kluge's appearance on stage brings us to the Bomb Plot of July, 1944, in which he was deeply involved.

It seems clear that, at this stage, Rommel knew nothing of the assassination plan which had been going on for nearly a year, and had already failed two or three times. Von Kluge's chief of staff in Russia, von Tresckow, had actually planted a delayed action bomb on Hitler's aircraft which failed to explode. But von Kluge was unwilling to give his total assent until Hitler was actually dead. Rommel, meanwhile, worked out his own thesis for deposing Hitler and suing for a separate peace with the Allies, then to join together and pulverise the Russians. It seems that he thought he could 'talk' to Montgomery, but the idea of a *volte face* by the Allies to overturn alliances, and actually go to war with Stalin, is absurd in terms of Allied military thinking in 1944. Rommel was

turn to page 86

'So far I just haven't met the right man,' Janet sighed. 'Not for want of trying.' In this case, the right man should be tall, well-built with a wry sense of humour. But Janet reckons 1987 could be the year. 'For a start, I'll be the only tanned girl in Fort William this winter,' she says laughing.

Quartz accuracy and top fashion combine in these fun watches from Zeon. Guaranteed for a whole year, and water resistant to 100 feet, they are incredible value at just £14 each

+ £1.95 postage and packing

style watches

Fashionable white watch * accurate Japanese quartz movement * tennis net dial * water resistant to 100 feet.

Fashionable black watch * tennis net dial * Japanese quartz movement * water resistant to 100 feet.

Fashionable transparent 'skeleton' watch * Japanese quartz movement * clear plastic strap * water resistant up to 100 feet.

To: MAYFAIR WATCH OFFER, MAYFAIR MAGAZINE,
95A CHANCERY LANE, LONDON WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me
. . . . . (Qty) White quartz watch with tennis net dial at £14
. . . . . (Qty) Black quartz watch with tennis net dial at £14
. . . . . (Qty) Transparent quartz watch with clear strap at £14
Please add £1.95 for postage, packing and insurance
I enclose cheque/PO for . . . . . made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd, or debit my Access/American Express account
MY CARD NO IS . . . .
NAME . . . .
ADDRESS . . . .
. . . .
SIGNATURE M22/2

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS OR SEND ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION

continued from page 84

now sliding towards thoughts which were undoubtedly treasonable.

Worse was to come, in a fateful interview with Lieutenant-Colonel Caesar von Hofacker who was adjutant to General von Stulpnagel, the military governor in Paris. Hofacker, a handsome, debonair Luftwafefe officer was totally dedicated to the Bomb Plot, as was his chief, Stulpnagel. What passed between Rommel and Hofacker has not survived but the interview was crucial, since there seems little question that the pressure eventually put upon Rommel to take his final quietus arose chiefly through Hofacker and Stulpnagel incriminating him under interrogation, when the plot finally failed and Stauffenburg, Rommel's fellow Swabian, failed to kill Hitler, giving him only a bad case of shock, some bruised buttocks and an even meaner disposition than usual.

Only days later, while Rommel was successfully stonewalling Montgomery around Caen in the armoured operation code-named 'Goodwood' by the British, he himself became one more German casualty. Cruising Spitfires spotted his staff car, ironically near the village of Sainte Foy de Montgommery, and dived into the attack. The car was wrecked and Rommel seriously injured. Among other things, he had a quadruple skull fracture.

Slowly recuperating at the villa in Herrlingen with Lu, he knew instinctively that he was in mortal danger. He confided to his wife's brother-in-law, 'I hear they've found a briefcase belonging to Goerdeler (ex-Mayor of Leipzig and deeply involved in the plot) and, do you know, there was a note in it saying that since I am the only soldier whom the enemy respects, I must take power after the revolution. That may cost me my neck.'

And so it did. The charade of a state funeral followed, based on the totally false press release from Dr Goebbel's Ministry, that Rommel had died of wounds. Von Rundstedt, unaware of the truth, read a eulogy over the bier at the hall in Ulm, where the ceremony was carried out, the solemn tones of Siegfried's funeral march from *Gotterdammerung* still ringing in his ears. The penultimate irony came in the form of pious telegrams of condolence to Rommel's widow and son from Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, Ribbentrop and the rest. There remained one final insult quoted by Desmond Young in his biography: 'Early in March, 1945, when his world was visibly falling about Hitler's ears, Frau Rommel received a letter dated 7 March. It was from . . . the War Graves Commission "The Führer has given me an order," it ran, "to erect a monument to the late Field Marshal Rommel and I have asked a number of sculptors to submit designs . . . I think that the Field Marshal should be represented by a lion. One artist has depicted a dying lion, another a lion weeping, the third a lion about to spring . . . I prefer the last myself but if you prefer a dying lion, that too, can be arranged.

'"The slab can be made immediately, as I have special permission from Reichminister Speer. Generally monuments cannot now be made in stone. But in this special case it can be made and quickly shipped . . ."

'To this letter Frau Rommel sent no reply.'

And there you have the sad ending to the story of a very considerable general.

Far left: A Lightning F3. Near left: An F5E Aggressor. These aircraft are flown in NATO exercises by pilots of the United States Air Force to simulate air combat tactics employed by the Soviet MIG21 fighters. These were the aircraft used in the successful film Top Gun.

210
MIRAGE F1
82
AMD-BA

JET SET & MATCH

Left: The cockpit of a Harrier. These aircraft played an important part in the Falklands conflict because of their vertical take-off and landing capacity which allows them to operate from the decks of aircraft carriers and container ships. Large picture: A pair of French Mirage F1Cs.

30-SE
SAUVETAGE
30-SB

Fighter pilots of the NATO airforces must constantly develop their aerial combat Tactics, ready to intercept marauding Soviet spy planes and pit their flying skills against a potential enemy

Story and pictures by Flight Lieutenant Chris Allan

Z·E·N·A

Ask any young man today and, if he's honest, he'd probably say that he once considered flying fast jets as a career. Few would argue that to be paid for doing such an exhilarating job is lucky. But there's one problem. It's bloody hard work! From over a thousand that are eligible, (ie right age, medically fit, academically qualified) only two or three reach front line fast jet units, the remainder either going to less 'demanding' aircraft or returning to civvy street.

Fast jet training is largely the same throughout NATO, the only variation being the aircraft used. The Royal Air Force have had good service from the Jet Provost and Chipmunk, and use these aircraft to teach the basics of flying, eventually graduating to more applied formation and low level navigation. At this stage student pilots are continually assessed for their potential to become fast jet operators.

The training is always based on building experience on previously practised routines and procedures. There isn't much leeway if one takes longer than average to 'learn', the result being the 'chop' and flying or ground duties elsewhere. It must be remembered, however, that all this uncertainty is eventually worth it. The experience of hurtling through the valleys of Scotland or Wales at 250 feet or climbing supersonic through 25000ft are not to be missed. The most applicable quote I've ever heard was, 'Same old thing everyday . . . Excitement.'

Once a pilot reaches the squadron, his 'job' is to constantly train for the unexpected, forming an overall deterrent force as part of the NATO doctrine. The mission could be a four versus four dogfight or a four ship low level 'bombing' sortie with 'enemy' fighters briefed to engage the bombers.

The aircraft shown in this feature form a selection of the NATO types operated on an everyday basis, often with or against each other in varying degrees of combat scenario; with the exception of the Soviet Bear Delta. Unlike 'friendly' types, sorties against the Soviets are unbriefed. They often exercise the right to fly over international waters, listen or observe what is going on. It falls on the air defences of the nearest country to scramble from a high readiness state and show a presence, gathering any useful information or photographs of the 'offending' party. A Bear flown round the North Cape of Norway may come into contact with over a dozen fighters of different types and nationality. One's first experience of intercepting a Russian is very exciting, after years of training culminate in being given the responsibility of carrying out this mission, fully armed and in some cases operating extremely long distances from land. Such is the peacetime role of the Lightning, an ageing single-seat fighter, but still powerful even by today's standard.

The F5E Aggressor is part of the 527th Squadron based at Alconbury. Their job is to operate against friendly fighters simulating Soviet air-to-air combat tactics. Their pilots are selected from current fast jet aircrew throughout the United States Air Force (USAF), and many agree it is one of the most enjoyable flying tours available. Similar aircraft were used in the film *Top Gun*.

Obviously with the cost of modern aircraft becoming astronomical it becomes difficult to assign particular types to a specific role. An alternative to 'dedicated' fighters or bombers is the fighter/bomber concept where aircraft like

FLT LT P FIELD

DF
XR773
DZ
XS417
U.S. AIR FORCE

Large picture: Lightning F6 single seater and Lightning T5 two-seater. Bottom (left to right): A Jet Provost trainer overflying RAF College Cranwell; The cockpit of the A7DII Corsair, usually known as the SLUF (short little ugly fucker); SLUFs refuel from a KC10 tanker, a converted civilian DC10.

Ask the average guy what images the term 'Mrs Mop' conjures up, and few would suggest a sexy long-haired blonde with a voluptuous 34-23-34 figure. Yet that is precisely how this month's centregirl, Zena Partridge, earns her living. And if you live in Bedford you might be lucky enough to be already enjoying her services. 'I do general horrible cleaning at private houses. It's good exercise running around all day, and I cycle from job to job,' said Zena, 24. And the work does have its exciting moments. At one house Zena was cleaning the shower when the husband jokingly tried to get her to take one with him. 'His wife had a go at me as if it were my fault, but I still clean there.'

Large picture: An F15 Eagle which is regarded as being one of the best fighters in the world. Pilots call it the Ego Jet. Top (left to right): Two Sea Harriers; Soviet Bear Delta intercepted by a Lightning 700 miles North of Scotland; Five aircraft of the Lightning training flight after a low level sortie over the North Sea.

ROYAL NAVY
126

DC

Born in Aldeburgh, Suffolk, Zena attended Reydon High School, leaving at 16 to work on a supermarket cheese counter in Southwold. She quit to pursue her main interest in life — travelling. After hitch-hiking from New York to Los Angeles, Zena returned to England and moved to Bedford. But she hasn't lost the travel bug. 'I have spent two months living in a cave in Greece, and I have also worked on a barbecue on a campsite in Spain,' she said.

Salon
Face Powder

Large picture: A Phantom F4F reflects the setting sun. These aircraft are nicknamed the Tomb because of their death-dealing capabilities. Top (left to right): A7 bomb rack, loaded with 28 pound practice bombs. These aircraft saw much action in Vietnam; A Hawk trainer; An RAF Nimrod, used for seeking and destroying submarines.

Zena took up modelling almost by mistake. 'I went along to an agency with a friend to keep her company. I didn't think anyone would want me, but I was the one who ended up modelling because she didn't want to take anything off. I quite enjoy posing in front of the camera.'

the Royal Navy Sea Harrier or RAF GR3 Harrier not only carry bombs but protect themselves with air to air missiles and guns. Not only is it expensive to equip aircraft to do specific tasks, it also becomes a compromise to ask aircrew to operate in a particular mission specialisation. To this end aircrew and aircraft are normally assigned either Air Defence (fighter) or Ground Attack (bomber). Several NATO countries operate their aircraft and crews in a 70-30 split of mission priority, allocating 70 per cent ground attack and 30 per cent air defence.

So what is it like to fly expensive machinery, high speed low level for a living; one thing's for sure, the Lightning is no longer expensive in terms of individual cost but it would take about £18 million to replace it with its modern equivalent.

The daily routine isn't all just 'fun', of course, although one is never discouraged from enjoying flying. More demanding 'profiles' involve training against simulated targets, flown by squadron colleagues whose task it is to operate the way we envisage the 'enemy' would. If you can imagine an aircraft at any speed, any height, day or night, in or out of bad weather, then you may begin to appreciate the vast amount of training that is required to keep operational crews 'up to speed'.

A typical day starts with the weather or Met (meteorology) brief from the resident Met man. This would be about 0800hrs, and be followed by a daily serviceability brief on the aircraft and what special tasks or priorities are included in the daily flying programme.

Then comes the sortie brief, perhaps a combat brief covering the 'domestics' (aircraft, callsigns, crews, emergency procedures) and mission plan for a 1 v 1 (one versus one) combat (dogfight) sortie.

After the mission brief, pilots make last checks on authorisation for the flight, airspace restrictions and any air traffic notifications and the starter crew prepare the aircraft and assist the pilot to strap in. The only thing predictable after this is the start and take off, normally a close formation pair. The combat itself is anything but predictable. Normally a 1 v 1 visual set up (where each can see the other) the leader calls 'outwards turn' and both aircraft turn away through 45°. The leader then calls 'inwards turn', and the fight's on. From this point on each pilot is free to manoeuvre at will, the aim being to get in behind and shoot the other guy down. Modern missiles can be fired 'head on' which can lead to pilots losing the basic skills of air combat training (ACT) which is why we often persist in trying to get in the other aircraft's 6 o'clock. The intricacies of ACT are numerous. Simply put, it involves trying to outwit, out manoeuvre or unsight the other guy, not easy when its two experienced 'players' and the 'fight' degenerates into a slow speed scissors with the aircraft in close proximity, weaving around each other. Couple this with gigantic fuel consumption and limited fuel capacity, and one soon realises that one eye must be on the opposition and the other on the fuel.

Simulated 'kills' are taken and debriefed on a gunsight mounted camera. The whole 'procedure' may last well over two hours, the great majority of the time spent briefing and debriefing. Two of these in one day, and you know you've been to 'work'.

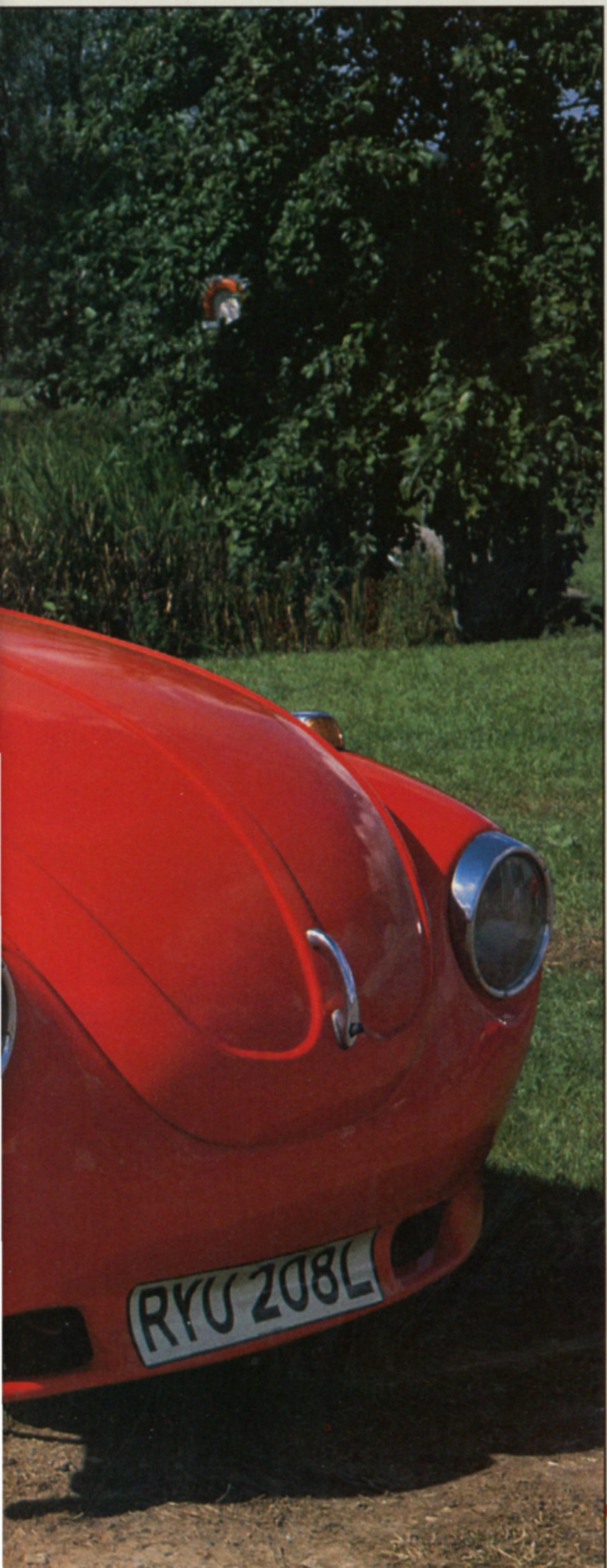
When she is not cleaning, modelling or travelling, Zena is passionately interested in antiques, specially gothic-style furniture. 'I know some antique restorers, and I use their workshop for rubbing off, staining and waxing. But I can't do that if I'm modelling the next day because I get so messy.'

Z·E·N·A PARTRIDGE

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

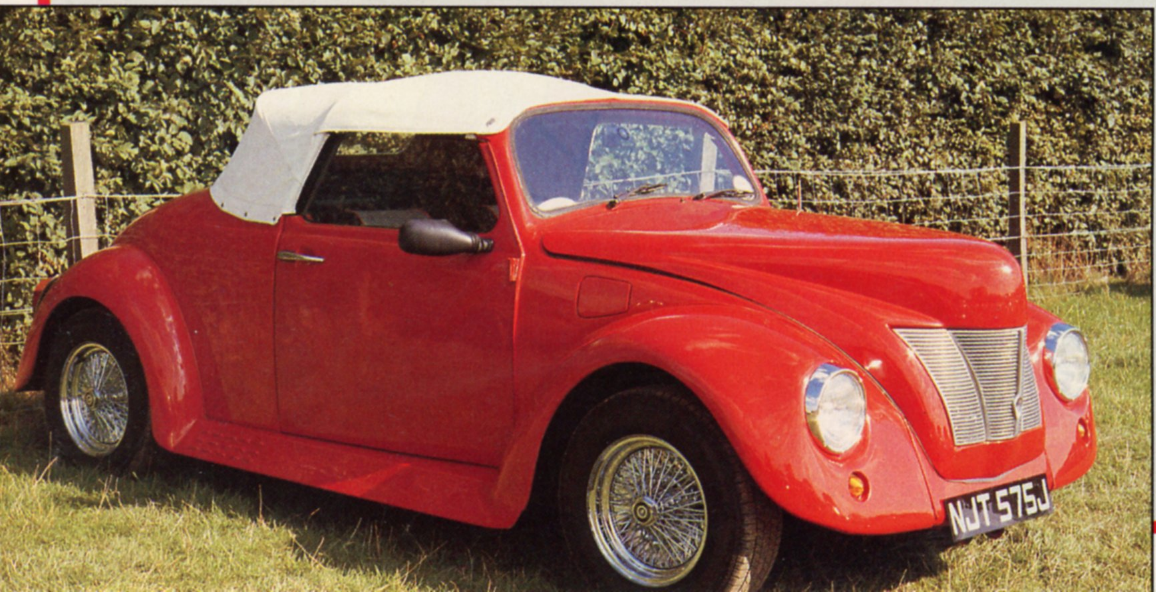
Main picture: a 1972 VW Beetle with customised air dam and duck tail. This page, left: Volkswagens from as far afield as Europe and the USA take a bow at the last annual VW Action day, held at Stoneleigh, Warwickshire. Right: a 1972 Beetle with distinctive colour scheme. Opposite page, top left: a VW van with a customised 50's look. Right: a Baja Bug, popular in California. Bottom left: a Beetle Cabriolet, and right, a profile of the duck-tailed VW.



When Hitler ordered a 'people's car' in the mid-thirties no-one realised Volkswagen's distinctive 'Beetle' would still be a mass seller 50 years on. Eight years after European production finally ceased, fans are turning it into a cherished and versatile cult car

BEETLE MANIA

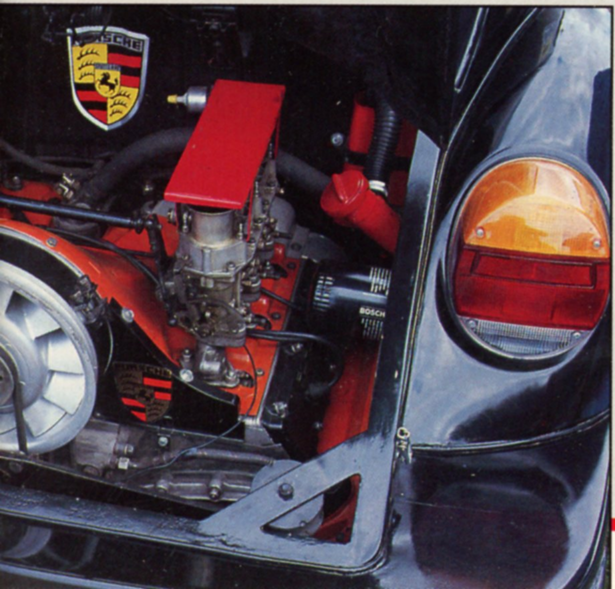
Photographed by Andrew Morland


NJT 575J

PIRELLI

Main picture: a standard Beetle. Opposite page, bottom left: a white-topped convertible with customised front. Bottom right: under the bonnet of a Porsche-engined Beetle; with their common provenance, many parts of Porsche and Beetle engines are interchangeable. This page, immediately below, left and right: views of an ultra-wide, low slung, customised Beetle from Germany. Bottom left: another Beetle Cabriolet, with, right, a more humble but brighter coloured companion.

WELCOME TO VW ACTION
M·AE 5521



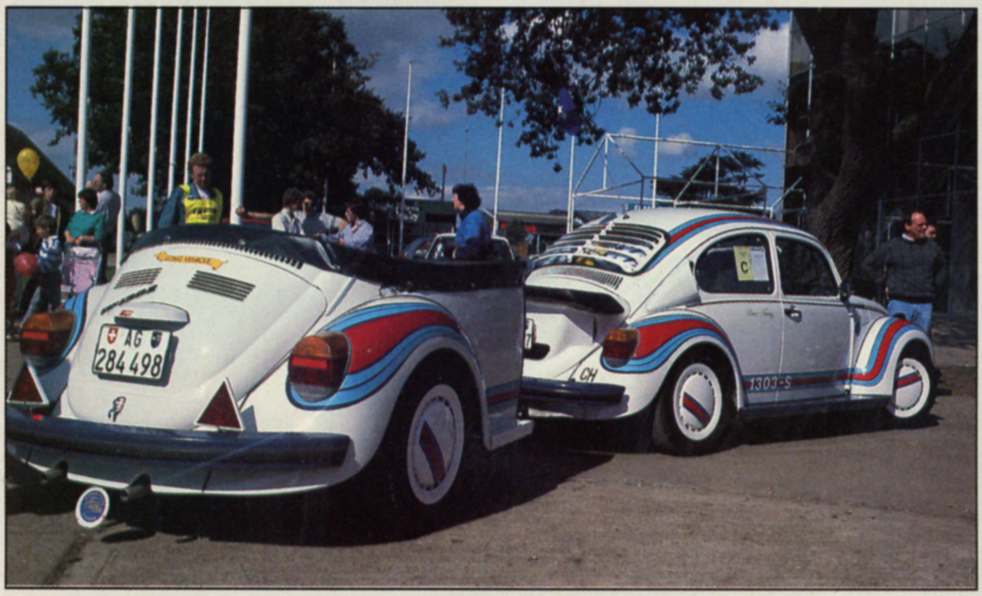
In 1934, when the first Volkswagen prototype rolled out of the Dr Ferdinand Porsche's workshop, few in Germany — let alone anywhere else — suspected that Hitler's 'people's car' would prove a much more successful world-beater than the Fuhrer who commissioned it.

Certainly a committee representing the British motor industry weren't impressed when they investigated the Beetle design in 1948 and decided it would only sell for a couple of years. Nearly 40 years on some 20 million have been produced, making it the world's best-selling car (Ford's Model T only reach 15 million) and, with models still rolling off the production lines in Mexico and South America, the numbers show no sign of trailing off.

In Europe, however, it's a different story. The last UK-designated model was made in November 1977, and the Volkswagen factory at Wolfsburg finally ceased production of European Beetles two years later. But, far from sounding the Beetle's death knell, its apparent demise only underlined its growing status as one of the world's premier cult cars.

It was in annual celebration of the fact that some 20,000 Beetle owners and VW enthusiasts congregated at the Royal Showground at Stoneleigh in Warwickshire last summer. Known as VW Action, the gathering attracted

Main picture: a pink Custom Beetle from France with white interior. Below, left: blue Beetle in profile, and, right, under the pink Beetle's bonnet. This page, immediately below, left: a 1986 Beetle. Right: a Beetle Special and below: a GTi-engined Swiss 1303S Beetle with trailer fashioned from another VW's rear.



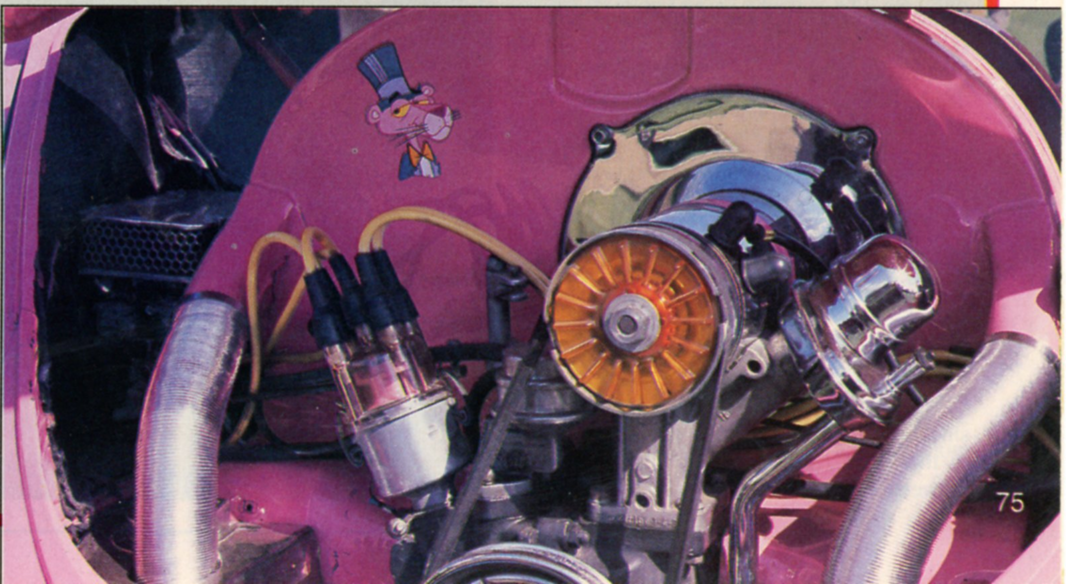
cars and owners from as far afield as France, Holland, Germany, Sweden and the United States, all of whom boast VW owners clubs as eager and ubiquitous as Britain's own. Entrants competed in events that included speed trials, hill and off-road driving and the fastest time for removing and replacing a Beetle's engine (the winners managed it in 1 minute 16.92 seconds). But the most eye-catching belonged to the international custom concours and concours d'elegance. Cars featured here included a black Beetle purchased in Germany in 1949 by a British serviceman and still in perfect running order after 793,000 miles; and a 1969 model whose immaculate red paintwork won it a prize, despite the fact that its owner drives it to work along an un-made-up road six days a week (he allows an hour of concentrated polishing daily. Even more startling were the customised models. They numbered a French-owned Beetle painted bright pink (including the engine compartment) with a spotless white interior; a Swiss GTi-powered 1303S model pulling a trailer fashioned from the rear of another Beetle; and a 1956 Beetle from Sweden whose owner had added 39 original accessories from the same period, including a pillar-mounted spot lamp, flower vase and a genuine in-car 7-inch record player, playing Fats Domino EPs. Ample evidence, surely, that the Beetle is the car for *all* the people.

Z·E·N·A PARTRIDGE

MAYFAIR

GIRL OF THE MONTH

DANGEROUS
UCX 421H
BROTHERS
BURGER



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

NETTA

Netta — short for Henrietta — Dealy believes in thinking big, which is not at all surprising for a girl whose measurements amount to 38D-24-36, and who stands only 5 feet 2 inches in her bare feet. 'A boyfriend used to call it my Napoleon complex,' smiles this 24-year-old former typist and now budding tycoon.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Some say sex is like a game of bridge. If you've got a good hand, who needs a partner?

On his wedding night, the naive young man had to admit to his new wife that he had no idea what to do.
'You take that thing you play with and put it where I pee,' she told him.
So he got up and put his cricket bat in the sink.

The Pantomine Revisited . . .
Cinderella was invited to the ball but realised to her dismay that she only had rags to wear. Suddenly there was a blinding flash, and her fairy godmother appeared.
'Cinders,' she said. 'You shall go to the ball.' And with that she waved her wand and a sparkling dress and beautiful glass slippers appeared. Cinderella almost cried in gratitude.
'However, there is one condition,' added the fairy godmother. 'You must return by midnight or else your fanny will turn into a pumpkin.' Cinders said she would, and set off for the ball.
As the evening progressed, Cinderella found herself dancing more and more with a handsome young man. Gradually she realised that she was falling in love with him, and he with her. Then suddenly she looked at her watch — it was nearly midnight!
'I'm sorry, I must be going,' she cried.
The handsome young man begged her to stay.
'No, I must be home by twelve,' she pleaded.
'Then tell me your name,' he insisted, 'so that I can find you.'
'Cinderella,' she replied. 'And what's yours?'
'Peter Peter pumpkin eater,' he said.
'Oh!' replied Cinders with a smile. 'In that case, what's the rush?'

A lady accountant called Basset
Was understandably tacit,
When her legs did the splits
Skating through St Mortiz,
And she froze her principal asset

Great Quotes of Our Time:
The late Orson Welles was a giant in the acting world in all senses of the word. However, his ego was reputedly as large as he was. At one point in his life he was married to screen goddess, Rita Hayworth. After her first night in bed with the actor she commented:
'I looked at his face, as he lay back afterwards, and just knew that he was waiting for the applause.'

A nun went into an off licence and asked for a bottle of gin, but was shocked when the assistant refused to serve her.
'Now how would it look if I was seen selling alcohol to a nun,' he explained. The nun looked embarrassed and then told him that she needed the gin as part of the cure for her Mother Superior's constipation. The assistant was persuaded.
Later that night, the assistant was walking home, when he spotted the nun lying in the gutter. She was clutching the gin bottle, now two-thirds empty.
'Really!' exclaimed the assistant angrily. 'You told me that gin was to cure your Mother Superior's constipation.'
'It issh,' replied the drunken nun with a slur. 'When she seesh me, she'll fill her knickers!'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

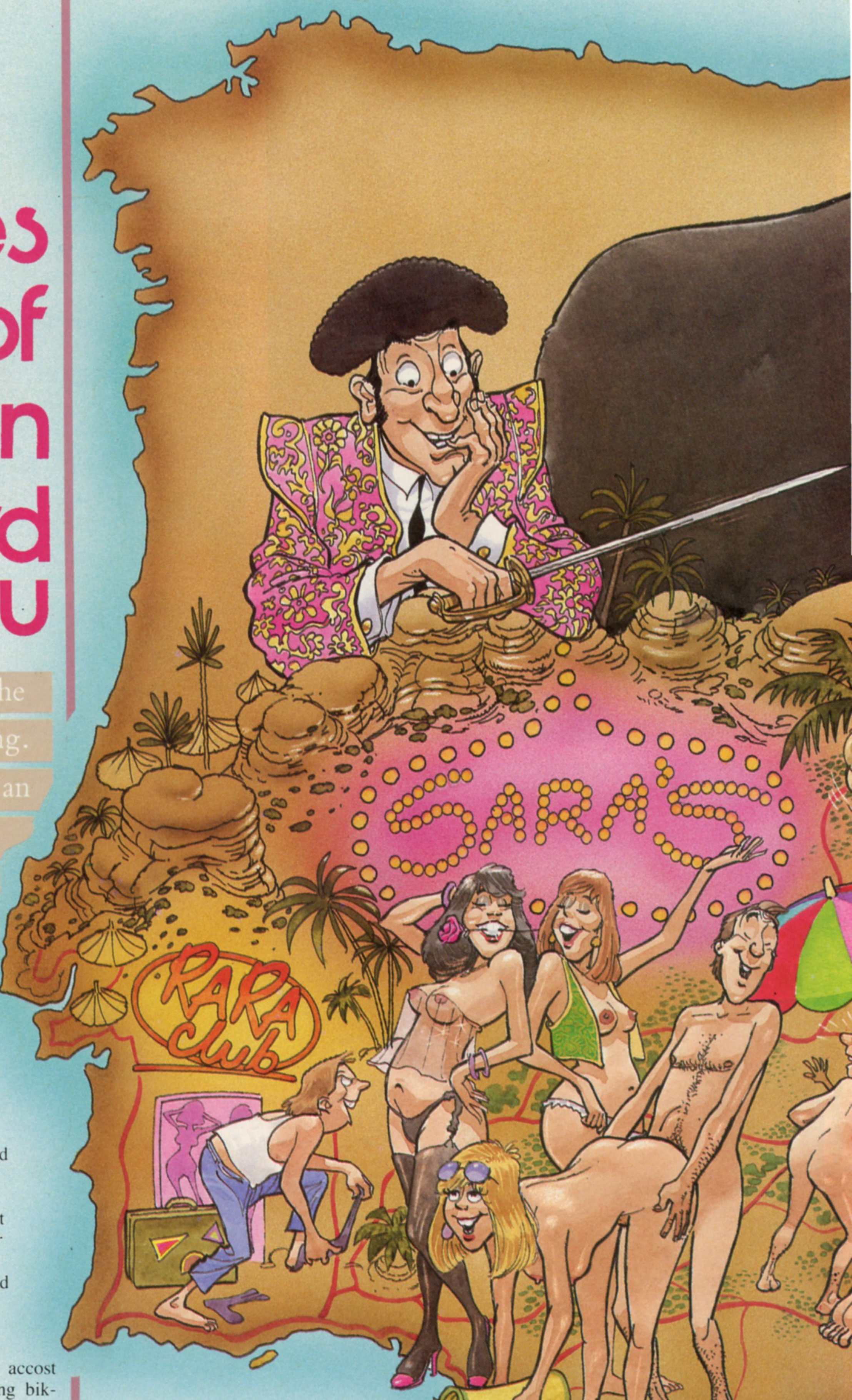
Why do you need to wear underpants in Russia?
Otherwise Chenobyl fall out.

Two old ladies, ex-ballroom dancers, were chatting in their rest home.
'Matilda,' asked one, 'do you remember the minuet?'
'Dear me, no,' replied Matlilda. 'I can't even remember the ones I fucked.'

Brummie Michael Le Dunn was about to make his first trip to London, when his mother rang up.
'I hear you're going to London for the day,' she said. 'While you're there can you find your brother Neil and tell him to write. I haven't heard from him for over two years now.'
'Okay, Mum,' replied Michael, 'What's his address?'
'London WC2,' his mother told him.
On arriving at Euston, Michael decided that he would find his long lost brother, before he toured the sights. Unaware of the size of the city, he was convinced that he must be nearby. Then in a corner of the station he saw a sign saying, 'WC'.
'This must be the place,' he said remembering the address his mother gave him, and went in the door. Inside he noticed the cubicles were numbered one to four. He looked at the address again. 'London WC2,' he read. 'I've found it.' and knocked on the door numbered two.
'What is it?' came gruff voice from inside.
'Excuse me,' asked Michael, 'Are you Neil Le Dunn?'
'Yes,' came the reply. 'But there's no paper.'
Michael flew into a temper.
'That's no excuse for not writing to our mother.'

Ladies of Spain I afford you

In post-Franco Spain the sex industry is booming. Rex Hudson provides an expert guide to the erotic delights of the Costa del Sin



Time was when Spain wasn't much. The Duke of Wellington pounded an army up and down it in high-backed collars in the heat of summer, driving out Napoleon's forces, but after that not a lot happened until they had a civil war there in 1936, which made Franco and Hemingway famous. They've since died and Spain's picked up a bit.

Gone now are the days when the Civil Guard would menacingly fix bayonets and advance across the hot beach to accost unsuspecting English girls for wearing bikinis, volubly accusing them of being whores. Southern Spain today is no longer the sleepy Mexicali fishing village it once was, with free *tapas*, cheap wine, veiled and chaperoned womenfolk, and bullfights taking precedence

'I always believe in going for broke — that's why I'm always penniless!' But even Essex-born Netta was daunted by her latest venture. 'I was about to buy a flat conversion in Leigh-on-Sea when the whole house came up for sale. So I had to lose my flat or buy the property.' To her amazement her bank manager backed her.

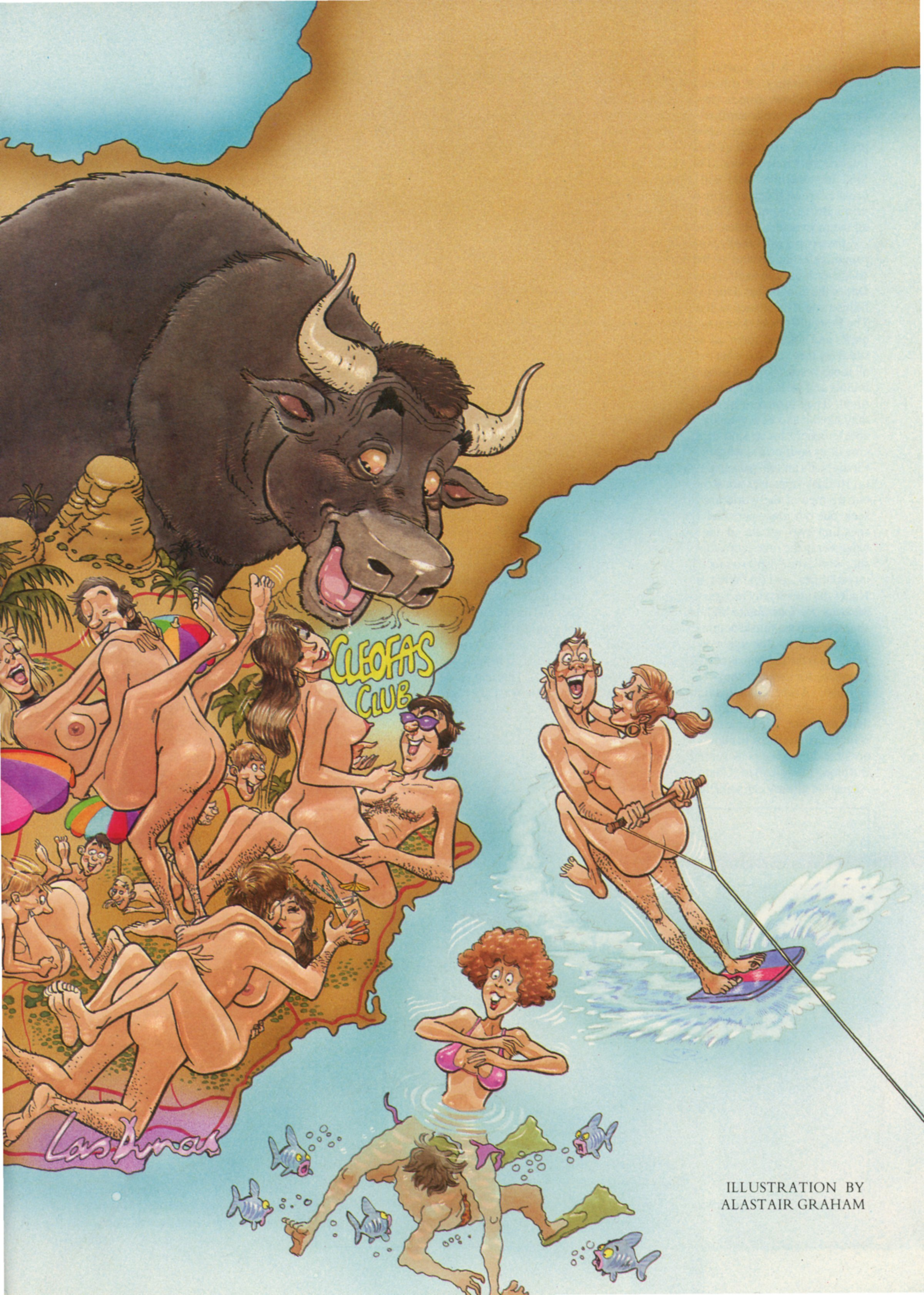

CLEOFAS CLUB
Las Dunas

ILLUSTRATION BY
ALASTAIR GRAHAM

'Two of the flats were in a vile state, and I had to hire lots of tradesmen to put them right. In the end I had to give up my job to organise them. Now the flats are sold my bank manager says ought to buy more flats or the taxman'll grab my profit!' Not much time, then, for boyfriends? 'I'm never *that* busy,' Netta grins.

over soccer. It has zestfully entered the late twentieth century. A substantial chunk of its treasury inflow comes from tourism and property sales, while another substantial chunk comes from the price spiral. Home-made products cost as much as they do in the UK. Imports cost much more. The sparkling blue Med is sometimes cold and gungy, and the beaches aren't much to write home about. Our prime British export — Yobdom — abounds in all the most select locales, and yet . . . and yet . . . the place is still happily possessed of that hot, round, celestial cymbal — the sun. So Spain, whatever it does to itself, is onto a winner.

One of the things it has done to itself, in no mean fashion you'll be pleased to discover, is get sexy. The Franco/Catholic/Morality pendulum swung back, and fetched them all such a clunk that suddenly they realised what they'd been missing all those years. 'Sun and sangria! Shuck off the bikinis and we've got ourselves . . .? The good time!' They turned to it naturally, discovered they liked it and now *you* next summer, will be able to benefit for its spin-offs.

One of its spin-offs is whores.

Firstly, let's air two principal reactionary cries:- (a) Holiday romances are alright for teenagers, but we men of the world are better advised to seek out our own personal service, because spending two weeks in the hot sun with a hangover in the time-worn chat routine of, 'Will she, won't she?' isn't so much fun when you're turned thirty, and (b) 'What me? *Pay* for it?'

Under the universally recognised euphemism of *Massage Parlour/Sauna* high-priced knocking-shops have been mushrooming along the Costa del Sol lately. But when you consider that Marbella is the Las Vegas of Europe, and that the clientele for whom they cater — French, German, Arab, Scandinavian, Spanish and British — the £90 an hour they charge is not all that exorbitant. The name of the game, after all, is for the whole coast to claw as much money as possible during the peak summer months.

But along the so-called 'Golden Belt', where in August the unwary can sometimes pay £20 for an omelette, what do the massage parlours offer for their £90?

Most establishments are recently purpose-built and well-appointed with five jaccuzi'd/water-bedded/canopied and mirrored boudoirs wherein you can perform your naughties with the lady of your choice. Most places run to eight or nine girls (who are predominantly Spanish), topped up with French, German, Swedish and British reinforcements, who flock up from the beaches as eager volunteers during high season. They will then be on-call from 6.30 pm to 4 am five nights a week. Of the £90 per hour tricks that they turn, they will retain £45 and, as most of them service five punters, a night, it doesn't take an Einstein to turn that into £1,000 a week or £4,000 a month. It is easy to see why they work for only five months a year, have nice clothes, drive a Porsche and have the mortgage paid at twenty five.

Most punters are well catered for during their hour and do not require any extras. They receive a passable massage, are able to relax and fondle some female boob in a circular bath, then get their rocks off in the traditional fashion. The girls are clean, kiss and make you feel big, strong, important, wanted . . . everything that one seeks and seldom finds in such a relationship, however fleeting.

A complimentary drink is very often served at the bar afterwards and sometimes even a supplementary relationship can ensue. One girl, Cristina, wanted to learn English, so on Sundays we used to picnic in the sand dunes of Tarifa, where few couples bother to wear bathers and a lot of free friendship and mutual understanding takes place amongst the beachgoers. Cristina didn't learn much textbook English, but we made a large amount of off-duty love which added considerably to my enjoyment of what was becoming a memorable summer.

'I still can't understand how you can bring yourself to consort with whores?' a young friend asked me recently.

'Nor could I have done when I was your age,' I explained. But when you become older, and more involved with commitments other than sex, sex takes a secondary role, yet still it rears its ugly head occasionally and demands instant assuagement. This doesn't allow much time for a seduction number. Prostitutes offer immediate availability, gratification and, most importantly, no further involvement. You can walk away from a prostitute afterwards without them shrieking at you, 'You only ever want me for one thing,' and, 'When am I going to see you again?' Consequently there is sometimes a perverse inclination in men to *want* to become involved with them, given the chance. In those countries where they are not only looking to turn a trick as quickly and effortlessly as possible, but are professional, businesslike and give value for money, many of them will come across with much more than you paid for, if you treat them like ladies.

In the Costa del Sol's weekly English language newspaper *SUR*, which is free, and therefore hard to come by after 11 am on Fridays when it is distributed, the personal columns of its classified pages carry advertisements from call-girls. I became friendly with one of them, a twenty-three-year-old red-head called Anna-Maria.

Anna-Maria had no bed in her Marbella apartment. Instead she had a queen-size mattress festooned with cushions on the floor. When I asked why, she told me that an earlier client had become so excited that he had fallen off and dislocated his shoulder, and she wasn't insured for that kind of thing.

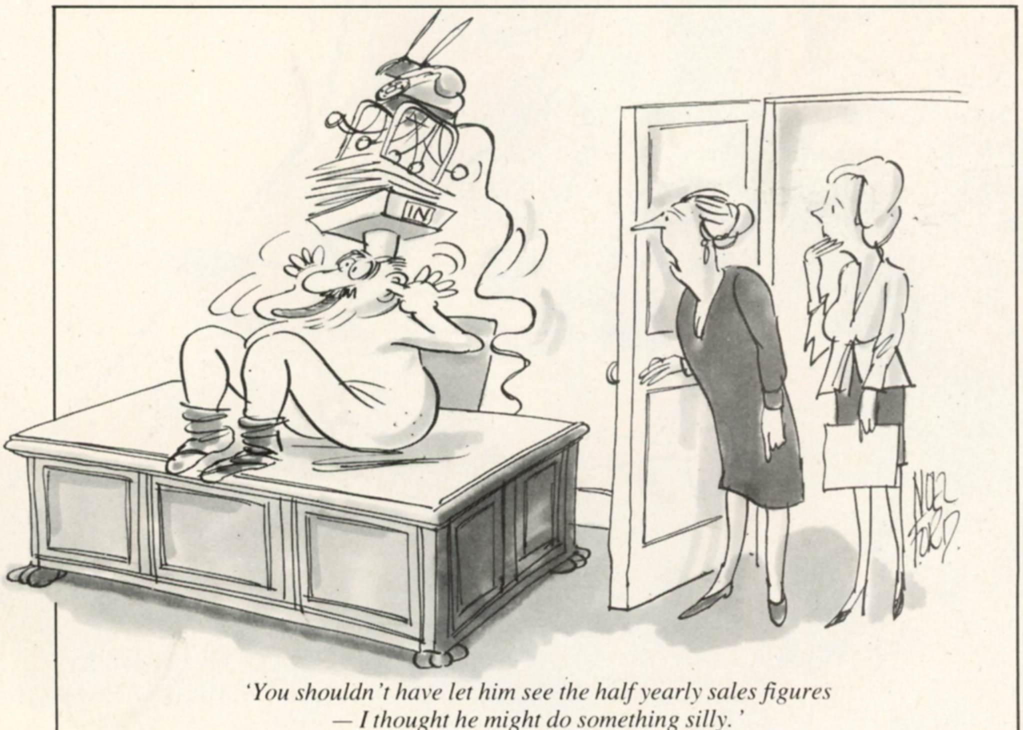
Most sensible girls who decide on this livelihood do so as a means to an end, which they set out to achieve as early as possible. In common with these, Anna-Maria was banking her earnings like there was no *manana*. On average she was making £50 an hour five times a day, six times a week, thereby grossing £6,000 a month.

She didn't have time to learn to drive, therefore no need for a car. She was delighted when I offered to take her to the beach one Sunday for some fresh air, a tan and a swim. We drove to *Las Dunas*, one of southern Spain's official nudist beaches adjoining the marina at Cabopino, just east of Marbella.

In her excellent English Anna-Maria told me about the difficulties a girl had to overcome setting herself up in business and establishing a clientele. No sooner was word out that she was operating than she received a series of visits from very obvious police punters, logging her establishment, and observing how she ran it.

She was also visited by thinly disguised pimps, assessing any potential weakness in her character that they could exploit to their advantage. Many whores drift into the trade from broken homes, and will submit themselves willingly to a pimp as

turn to page 98



'You shouldn't have let him see the half yearly sales figures — I thought he might do something silly.'

SPLASH OUT...WITH MAYFAIR'S DIVER'S WATCH

The ideal present for the adventurous man, *Mayfair's* watch offers quartz accuracy with a host of features. It's irresistibly masculine, and at just £39.95, now's the time.

Superbly accurate quartz timekeeping * Digital and analogue display * Waterproof to 50 metres * Anodised aluminium case and strap * Stop watch accurate to 1/100th second * Alarm * Day/Date calendar * Hourly chime * Rotating bezel * 12/24 hour format * Mineral glass * 1 year guarantee.

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

To: WATCH OFFER, Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please send me ...... watches at £39.95. I enclose a cheque/postal order made payable to Fisk Publishing Co Ltd. Or debit my Access/American Express account.

MY CARD NO IS ________

NAME ________

ADDRESS ________

SIGNATURE ________

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If you are not completely satisfied, simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. All prices include postage, packing, VAT and insurance. Customers outside Europe add £3.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling (IMO).

M22/2

continued from page 96

a surrogate father-figure. Pimps avoid stronger, better-orientated, self-sufficient girls like Anna-Maria, because they would cause too much hassle for any pimp trying to take them over.

Lying naked and bronzed on the sand beneath the hot Spanish sun beside an attractive professional like Anna-Maria, discussing her livelihood with her, beat reading the Sunday papers at home. She told me that only the previous night she received a phone call from a visiting Peruvian businessman, inviting her to dine with him and his wife. They turned out to be an attractive couple and Anna-Maria had enjoyed their company, although naturally she wondered why she had been invited. During liqueurs the wife excused herself and the husband asked Anna-Maria whether she would consider indulging them both later in some AC/DC loveplay. Anna Maria briefly considered, said, 'Yes,' and then smiled even more agreeably when the Peruvian discreetly handed across £200. She told me they had been a very sweet, caring and considerate couple, and that she had enjoyed herself enormously with them, but please would I now buy her a cold beer?

We wrapped *pareos* round our hips and walked across to the nearby *chiringuito* (beach bar) where we ordered a seafood platter and sangria. It was then I discovered that not all sex in Spain is commercial. The table adjoining our was occupied by a handsome guy in his twenties, accompanied by two remarkably attractive copper-coloured blondes, their exquisite figures barely contained in the briefest of thongs. Each time I glanced at them my gaze was being fairly and squarely met by the sparkling sage-green eyes of the older of the two women, who during one encounter actually licked her lips suggestively and smiled at me.

The beauty of being with Anna-Maria was that she found this blatant, sun-induced flirtation perfectly natural and delightful. 'They're Argentinian,' she told me. 'The one who keeps catching your eye has really got the hots for you. If I was you I'd do something about it.' 'But. . .' I started to remonstrate. 'Don't be silly,' she reassured me. 'I can get a taxi.'

Anna-Maria returned to her sunbed on the beach, I went to the bar to pay our bill and, as I walked slowly past the Argentinians' table, Green Eyes turned the full radiance of her smile upon me, and reached out to take hold of my hand and pull me down beside her. None of them spoke a word of English and my Argentinian wasn't up to much either, but those long supple fingers toying with the hairs on my wrist were unmistakeably conveying a chemical formula as old as time. Nothing needed to be said between us.

We merely arose and strolled hand-in-hand to the dunes where we lay down in the long grass and made love together. No more than thirty minutes had elapsed since we had first set eyes on each other. Afterwards we fell into the sea and rinsed each other down.

She returned to her friends at the bar and I went back to Anna-Maria. 'Nice?' she enquired, smiling up at me from behind raised sunglasses. 'Incredible, really,' I replied, lowering myself down beside her on the sand, while I began to wonder whether the brief encounter had really taken place or not.

Life's like that in Spain, if you're a member of the permanent staff there and so have time to get to know the local form. The pointers and places you are reading about here should enable *you* to pack more profitability into your next holiday there, too.

But where are Spain's most notable bordellos? One is just outside the mountain-top town of Ronda, a few kilometres south of the Spanish Foreign Legion's training depot.

You can find *Sara's* at night by following your nose towards the four unmistakeable red lights mounted on its gate stanchions which shine across the valley below like homing beacons. By day the establishment resembles a flourishing, whitewashed, two storey farmhouse beside the quiet country road on the edge of a yellow Van Gogh field. The pastoral setting is seemingly as incongruous as finding a farmhouse in Soho.

Situated so close to the Spanish Foreign Legion, might reasonably make one fearful for its cleanliness. This is not a problem. Being out in the sticks, *Sara's* rates are lower than they are down along the coast. A very satisfactory 'quickie' (as much as most men could handle, given the girls' unbounded zeal and enthusiasm for their work) costs £25, and the pay of a Legion recruit does not run to such luxuries.

Sara's rooms are clean, functional and tidy. The adjoining bathrooms are spotless. The girls are charming, personable, fun and sexy as hell, with bomb-shell bodies that go like belt-fed mortars. They live on the premises which operate Monday to Saturday from 5 pm to 5 am.

Each afternoon the girls siesta naked round their swimming pool. If you happen to be 'in' with one them at the time, and ring the bell on the front gate, they will be delighted to let you join them and talk dirty (although here in the hills little or no English is spoken), to frolic naked alongside them in the pool and partake of some 'love in the afternoon.'

Another of *Sara's* facilities is a tastefully decorated orgy room where for £50 a head all the girls will sidle in bearing stashes of champagne to entertain you and your friends till your eyes drop.

Another unlikely locale for two of the best-value bordellos in southern Spain is La Linea, the little Tijuana-like border town that lies adjacent to Gibraltar. Twenty years ago the lads from the Rock used to get their rocks-off at La Linea for fifteen bob. Then the border closed and La Linea almost became a ghost-town. Now it has picked-up again, and although the current generation of sexual entrepreneurs have increased the price from fifteen bob to £50, the service, too, has improved beyond recognition.

Lying in their own grounds with carefully tended lawned gardens, the *Ra Ra Club* and *Cleofas Club* could each be mistaken for wealthy executive mansions. There is no difficulty

turn to page 118

THE LITTLE BLACK BOOK FOR THE 1980s

A PRESENT FROM THE FUTURE

STORE TEXT
SPACE 1960
MEGALOGIC
LITHIUM POWER
PRIVATE DIRECTORY
PD2000

Only £24.95
Plus p&p

Good news, men the 'little black book' is now electronic and totally private. Store your diary dates, girlfriends' phone numbers and personal messages in complete secrecy on the hi-tech PD 2000 Private Directory. Each entry into the PD 2000's giant 2,000 character memory can be coded, so only you have access to it. Ideal for those items so often jotted down on the backs of menus! As simple to use as a calculator (yes, the PD 2000 can do sums too), this credit card sized Private Directory is ideal for the businessman who likes others to mind their *own* business.

To PD 2000 OFFER, Mayfair magazine, 95a, Chancery Lane,
London WC2A 1DZ

The PD 2000 features —
- 2,000 character memory
- 20 character display
- Three figure codes to keep information secret
- Data storage in alphabetical or numerical order that can be scrolled through or recalled instantly
- Five function calculator
- Instant percentages and metric conversion
- Five year battery life
- Full guarantee for one year

Please send me . . . . . (Qty) PD 2000(s) at £24.95 plus £1.95 p&p
I enclose a cheque for . . . . . or debit my Access/American Express account.
MY CARD NO IS . . . .
NAME . . . .
ADDRESS . . . .
. . . .
. . . .

Please allow 21 days for delivery. If not completely satisfied simply return goods unmarked within 28 days of receipt for immediate refund. Customers outside Europe add £1.50 to total to ensure air mail delivery. All payments from abroad should be in Sterling IMO.

M22/2

IF YOU DO NOT WISH TO CUT YOUR MAGAZINE, PHOTOCOPY THIS COUPON OR SEND YOUR ORDER ON PLAIN PAPER STATING ALL RELEVANT INFORMATION.

continued from page 98

parking discreetly outside them. As long as you don't look as though you've been living n the wilderness for forty days on locusts and wild honey, you will gain straightforward access merely by having the courage and determination to press the buzzer on the gate. No introduction is needed.

Within seconds a docile, speechless 'heavy' will open the gate to let you in. You walk the short distance up the path and through the open door to the bar.

Nobody wants to embarrass you. They are there to offer an intimate service, and go about presenting it extremely nicely. The girls are attractive, personable and do not hassle at all. You can sit at the bar alone and drink (£2.50 a time) for as long as you like and leave. Or you can catch a girl's eye, and she will either lead you discreetly upstairs to perform delicious hour-long misdemeanours, or if you prefer she will give you a guided tour of the premises first.

It can be quite titillating walking upstairs behind suntanned calves, trim high-heeled ankles, a tautly sheathed rump that is obviously wearing no more than a G string (and in some cases not as much as that), knowing it's all yours for the taking, if you want it, and that she is deliberately putting-on-the-style, hoping you'll do just that.

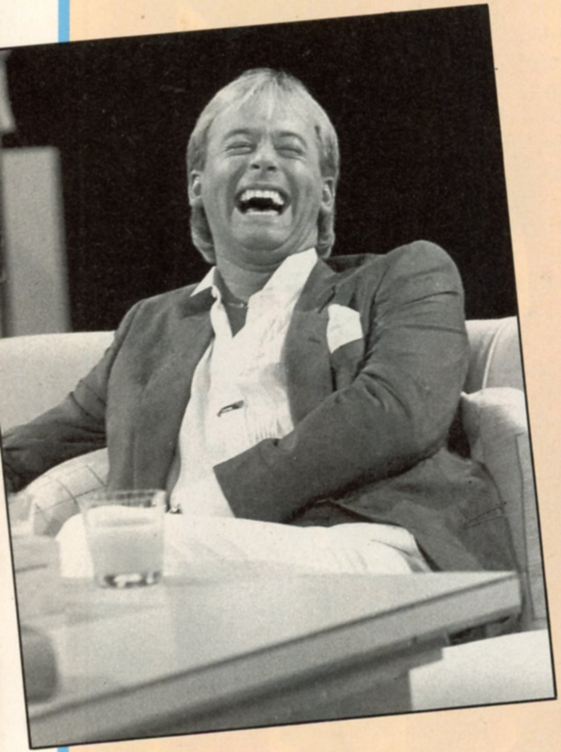
The girl will show you the shower room, the sauna (if they have one), and a series of 'bed' rooms (if they're not in use at the time) which contain state-of-the-art, high-tech, sunken baths, a massage table, and . . . a bed; although this latter item is obviously designed for an active love-make rather than slumber.

Either you can undertake to commission the girl's services there and then (which saves climbing the stairs again), or you can go back down to dwell a bit longer in anticipation, and select another girl — or turn chicken, make an excuse and scarper explaining that you'll probably come back tomorrow. If you do sample the wares you'll square up at the bar afterwards when you leave.

Friends have asked me, 'What about disease?' You pays your money and takes your choice. If you pick up a rich bitch with an itch off a yacht in Puerto Banus and conquer her pants, you think you're no end of a dog; but these days who knows where she's been, what she's got, where or how she got it, or who (or what) gave it to her?

Bordello broads, on the other hand, are professionals. Their bodies are their livelihood, which they strive not to jeopardise. They are checked by a doctor once a week. The general opinion is that there is less likelihood of getting an nasty in a knock-shop than from a casual encounter elsewhere. Friends of mine have contracted some dreadful skin rashes from frenziedly holidaying Swedish and British girls in Benidorm . . .

Speaking of which, they are still not *always* that easy to come by. Plane loads of fresh talent arrive at Malaga airport hourly from all over Europe during the peak summer months, all with little more than a surfeit of sun and sex in mind. But once they've shaken-down and got themselves organised, most girls (who usually travel in pairs or groups) not unnaturally become discerning noticeably (and sensibly) weighing the pros and cons of each ribald and suggestive proposal they receive. They too, naturally, are wary of VD, herpes, or even AIDS, any of which would spoil their holiday and yours.



On stage, young comedian Duncan Norvelle delights in being outrageously camp. His voice is soft, his movements are effeminate, and he specialises in flirting with the men in the audience, urging them to chase him onto the stage. But Trudie Dean knows that his homosexual routine is just an act because, for some time, Trudie was Norvelle's girlfriend. In a recent story in *The Sun* newspaper, she surprised readers by saying, 'He was a great lover. Our sex life was excellent.' Then she

THE GIRL YOU CAN'T FORGET

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

QUEST

Most men have encountered one woman in their lives whose qualities make her instantly memorable. She may have beauty, sex appeal, a startling personality, or a combination of all three, but she has never been forgotten. Quest now pays homage to those uniquely spellbinding women. We tell the story, with names only changed, of an estate agent's encounter with a rising model.

Never judge a woman by appearances. Or if you do, be prepared for *anything*. That's what Cheryl taught me. It's a lesson I've never forgotten. I'd have to be *very* old before I'd forget Cheryl. I met her when I was 28 — she was 21 — and I had a strong feeling I'd cracked it where women were concerned.

I'd just made partner in the commercial estate agency where I'd been slaving for the past seven years. That gave me a new BMW coupe on the company, no more worries about the mortgage on my own two-bedroom town flat, and no responsibilities whatsoever, except to enjoy myself. The nearest I'd got to marriage was living with a girl for two years — long enough to realise I wasn't ready to settle down yet. And another excellent reason was a girl like Cheryl.

It was a friend who first spotted her. Keith and I have known each other since junior school, but we've only got friendly since working for the same company. Keith is the original mental butterfly. He's come out with some of the world's finest opening lines (like 'Hello! You know I think I'm about to have met you somewhere before.') But he's got no staying power. He'll get a girl he's just met giggling and helpless, and then vanish. 'Too easy,' he'd say, grabbing for a pint. 'I fancy a *challenge* tonight.' I can't remember a girl he's been out with more than twice. I even started worrying about him. Not that I should have. I've done very well out of several of Keith's instant conquests, girls who've only started talking to *me* on the off-chance I'll get Keith back. I'm convinced Cheryl was one.

'Have you seen the new temp on reception?' Keith said, bursting into my office one morning. 'She's a little cracker. Lovely figure. Nice with it, too. Reckons she's a model.'

We were coming up to Christmas and I was frantically busy at the time, but I'd never questioned Keith's taste in women. 'What she's doing working for us then?' I asked him.

'Waiting for her next offer, apparently,' he said. 'So when are you going to make it to her then?' I grinned. Keith only shrugged.

'Too young for me, chum. I need women of experience these days, to cope with my phenomenal sexual prowess. But *you* should be

Presenting

'Camp' comedian DUNCAN NORVELLE'S girlfriend Trudie Dean

Above: Model Trudie as she has appeared in the press, including cuddling Paul Daniels' son, Martin. Far left: Comedian Norvelle on The Des O'Connor Show.

alright.' I let him see my grin go sour. 'Anyway,' he said. 'She's northern. Very broad. I can't imagine that accent gasping "Fook me! Fook me!" It'd make me wilt.'

Typical Keith.

I'd hardly been in the office that week, but I made a point of getting back early the next day to take a look at her. I was impressed.

She was small, like Keith had said, almost petite, with shortish dark blonde hair and a neat, bright, very pretty face. Her figure was neat too — as far as I could judge behind the reception desk — rounded and firm-looking the way girls are who work out, which was a good sign. She had a rather soft, babyish features that should be quite voluptuous in three or four years. Now she just looked fresh and very young — I'd have said 18.

Then she spotted me and her face lit up like an indoor firework.

'Oh hello! You must be Mr Barker. You're the only one I haven't met yet. I'm Cheryl.'

It was a *very* broad Yorkshire, and I felt a twinge of Keith's southern prejudice, but there was a warmth in that smile I was usually lucky to get out of a girl I'd banged silly at least three or four times. I must admit it almost fooled me then — until, as we chatted, she gave the same reaction to two other, male passersby. Perhaps Keith had been right — she really was just 'nice with it.'

Then I told her I'd heard about her modelling.

She shrugged modestly. 'I'm just starting out really, but I've done quite a bit up north. I just thought it was time to try my luck down here.'

I made some crack about trying for Page Three, and she gave a bright laugh. 'Well why not? I wouldn't mind Samantha Fox's money — I just wish I had the boobs to go with it!' That seemed a lot more promising, so I made my move. 'Actually I've got this old friend who's a photographer. He does fashion mainly, but he's always looking for new models. Perhaps I could arrange a meeting, if you're willing.'

I got the firework treatment again. 'That would be gr Oh I'd be really grateful if you could manage it. I hardly know anyone down here and it's really hard getting started —' I told her I'd get back as soon as it was fixed.

Her babyish features would soon be voluptuous. Now she just looked fresh and young

Really grateful. I went back upstairs, preening myself. Not even an unsophisticated northern lass was going to say *that* to a single bloke without giving him very definite ideas. And the photographer-friend ploy had worked very well at least three times before. I actually did know a photographer, though he only did the smallest advertising jobs — mainly for local rags. I'd even had to produce him a couple of times, but generally our 'meeting' started as a fairly romantic dinner — *a deux* — which rapidly got more romantic when my friend failed to turn up. Then, hopefully, nature followed its course. I thought I had a more than reasonable chance of duplicating my success when I suggested a dinner meeting a couple of days later, and she leapt at the idea. I remember telling Keith, 'Well, she might not be a mental giant, but she's not stupid, and she's the nicest-looking female around these offices for years. I just think she's a very nice, slightly naive girl.' 'But how sexy?' said Keith.

I don't mind posing nude — it's just that my dad would go spare if he found out!

'I think she's got a very sexy face,' I said, though his question had sown doubt in my mind. 'Anyway a girl that age is going to have a fantastic body — she's at her physical peak.'

'Christ,' said Keith, giving me my first real worry, 'you don't reckon she's a virgin, do you?'

I told him not to be stupid, but I had a sudden mental image of disaster. 'You see I made up my mind I'd save myself until I was married,' she was saying. I prayed it wouldn't be like that — and it wasn't. Nothing like that at all.

The night of the 'meeting' we were leaving straight from work. I'd planned a swift bottle in the wine bar on the corner, then a leisurely dinner in a small restaurant about three streets from my place — followed by the inevitable nightcap. But all that went when I popped down to reception.

She was dressed to go out, alright — and looking marvellous, in a flattering, light blue, sleeveless dress with thin shoulder straps — which showed that she obviously had nice boobs, too. But there was no firework smile. Instead she looked flustered and worried.

'Oh,' she said. 'I'm really sorry, but something's come up. I can't meet your friend tonight.'

I tried not to look as annoyed as I felt. In my limited experience of girls of her age the 'something' usually turned out to be the boyfriend/fiance they'd neglected to mention because they'd only talked to you in the first place to make *them* jealous. Having achieved their object, muggins is now redundant — though, I had to admit, she hadn't struck me as that calculating.

'I've got a booking,' she said. 'I've literally only just heard, but I can't turn it down. I've got to get home and get my stuff and find my way to the job. I really didn't want to let you down.' The way she said it made me believe her. 'Look,' I said. 'I've got the BMW outside. Let me chaffeur you. It'll give me a chance to see your work, then I can give my friend a better idea later.' *That* got the firework smile. '*Would* you? But I can't let you waste your evening.' I assured her it was no waste, I'd nothing else to do. And her smile became positively ecstatic. 'Oh that's *really* nice. I really appreciate that. But I feel so awful messing your friend about.' I told her I'd ring him later and square it — he was used to disappointment, which made her laugh.

She curled up in the car, obviously impressed by it and, as we sped off, was soon chatting happily about herself. She was, it turned out, the fitness freak I'd guessed, jogging every morning, twice-weekly aerobics classes, vitamins by the handful.

'You've got to keep yourself in trim,' she explained earnestly, 'even more so when your not working. I know girls who've got jobs just because someone spotted them in the street.'

I asked her what she'd be advertising tonight.

'Oh just myself,' she laughed, rooting through her handbag. I glanced at her, not understanding.

'It's a club, I think,' she said easily, found a tissue and dabbed her nose. 'Club?' I queried.

She nodded. 'You know, photographic. That's what most of my experience is. I quite enjoy it, but I wanted to expand my possibilities a bit.' She shrugged happily. 'Beggars can't be choosers.'

I looked at her. 'You model for local photographic clubs — aren't they amateurs, though?'

'Oh yes,' she said, 'but the standard's usually as good as professional. I was really surprised. A lot of top models started out doing amateur work.

I asked her what the work involved. 'it depends,' she said. 'Normally portrait and bikini shots. Sometimes a bit of topless, too — you know, like Page Three — or full nude.' I felt my throat going dry as I asked, 'And you've done that?' 'Topless, or full nude?' she said. 'I do topless, but I've been a bit wary about nude. Not for any moral reason — lots of really big models have done it — there's no stigma about it these days. It's just that I used to live at home, and if I did it locally there was always a chance my parents would find out. My mother would've been alright, but my dad would have gone spare! "My daughter — showing off her naughty bits to all and sundry!"

I chuckled at her impression and, as casually as I could, wondered what she'd have to do later.

'I'm not sure,' she said. 'The money's more than I'm used to, but I don't really know the rates down here.' She laughed. 'They'd expect the lot back in Leeds!' Then she must have caught sight of my expression, because her face dropped. 'I haven't offended you, have I? You probably think glamour modelling is awful. God, I just

added, 'But he'll hate me for saying so because he likes to give people the impression he's gay — like his stage act.' Now, like Norvelle, we can appreciate her as she poses for *Mayfair*.

Trudie, who comes from Gloucester and now lives in a flat in West London, works as a part-time model and television actress. Her work had led to her becoming friends with a number of famous personalities. A couple of years ago, she was photographed cuddling up to Martin Daniels, star of *Game for a Laugh* and

'He pretends he's gay but he's a great lover'

didn't think —' 'Don't be silly,' I said quickly, hoping to God the cold sweat creeping up the back of my neck wasn't showing. 'As a matter of fact I'm quite a keen photographer myself.'

'Really?' she brightened. 'Perhaps you ought to bring your camera along. Have you ever done any glamour pictures?' I shrugged, swallowing. 'Oh, you know, just with girlfriends.'

I neglected to mention that most of them had been Polaroids taken in extremely compromising positions, either as a prelude to a screw, or occasionally halfway through.

Cheryl's eyes widened even more. 'That's how *I* started. My boyfriend showed the pictures to a friend in a camera club and I got invited to model for them. Have you never shown your pictures to anyone?' 'Er. no,' I coughed. 'They're nothing special.' To my surprise she nudged my elbow, grinning. 'You shouldn't be so modest. Why don't you let me have a look? Photographers always tell me I've got a good eye.'

> **On our first date she was treating me to a striptease and I hadn't even made a pass**

I rapidly changed the subject, and asked her if she was ever nervous. She chuckled. 'I was shaking in my shoes when I first did it! I thought I'd die of embarrassement! But they were so kind and understanding — they didn't force me or anything. In the end I felt so rotten about disappointing them, I just got on with it.' She sniffed. 'I'll be nervous tonight, though, because I don't know them. But I've never really had any bad experiences. You get the odd awkward customer, but not very often.' 'Awkward in what way?' I asked.

'Oh, you know,' she said. 'Dirty old men, really. Playing about with themselves in the background when they think you can't see. I suppose they can't help it if they're frustrated. I just ignore them.' 'How bizarre,' I said thickly. 'Yes,' she nodded, 'I don't know why they don't go home and jump into bed with their wives. I mean, I'm being paid to do a serious job, not give some daft old bugger a cheap thrill. Pardon my French!' She laughed, and I joined in. Then she gave me a quick, wary glance. 'I haven't put you off, have I? I'll quite understand if you just want to drop me off.' 'Nonsense,' I told her. 'Wild horses wouldn't keep me away!'

Neither would World War Three, I told myself, gripping the wheel with *very* sweaty fingers. I just hoped the dashboard illumination didn't pick out the distinct bulge in my suit trousers. Just over two hours later I had the unique experience of being treated to a lengthy and extremely arousing striptease by a very attractive girl on our first date, when I hadn't even made a pass.

At least, *I* found it extremely arousing, and, if the dozen other guys I had to share it with weren't feeling twinges too, they were even more dull and boring than they looked. A good half were over forty, a home-knitted cardie brigade, wittering on about depth of field, ASA's and exposure times. The only guy under thirty was spotted, bespectacled and seemed to be suffering from terminal embarrassment.

The 'studio' was nothing to write home about, either — a big, draughty, wooden hut on a trading estate with piles of ancient gym equipment piled at one end. At the other, they'd hung up a wide strip of sky blue paper as a background, with a spotlight in front. That was it, apart from a tiny loo at the back where Cheryl went to get changed, while I lurked out of the bright lights as a kind of unofficial 'minder.'

And, all of a sudden, here she was, striking poses on a piece of old rubber matting, looking like a bloody goddess, while a dozen wrinklies did David Bailey impressions. I didn't know whether to admire her guts, or just be astonished. It was the ordinariness of it, I think, that got to me. The thought that an average, pretty, 'nice' girl could find it perfectly OK to drop her bikini top in front of some room full of middle-aged strangers, and bend and straighten and throw her shoulders back so that they could all get a bloody good look. I'd *read* about 'glamour' models, of course, and even about amateur camera clubs, and assumed, in my chauvinist way, that the girls were all ravers, and the members mildly slobbering degenerates. Christ, if I'd known it was all this normal and easy I'd have been down here with my Instamatic twice a week!

> **I never dreamed a "nice" girl could drop her pants for a room full of strangers**

But it was Cheryl who was the most normal of all. She was obviously nervous to start with, but the guys were just putty in her hands. In a few minutes she was setting the pace, going through poses she was obviously used to — and which the men obviously liked, and I could see why. She started in a dress with a low-slung neckline someone had brought along, changed into her own bikini, then a flimsy baby doll top with no bra underneath, and then just the bikini pants.

I could see her confidence growing as she went on. She started to smile more often, laughing, chatting back to the fellows — who loved it — and generally being cheerful and helpful, but never obviously pouting or sexy.

After about ten minutes with the baby doll thing, *she* was the one who said quite matter-of-factly, 'Oh did you want topless? The agency didn't say.' Would *you* have said no?

I thought about Keith wondering how sexy she really was. She surely couldn't believe this dowdy lot wouldn't grab any chance they had to ogle a gorgeous little bod like hers.

Stripped off, she was even tauter and shapelier than I'd imagined, with narrow shoulders, rather a long waist, good legs and a faint, all-over tan. Her boobs weren't enormous, but they were well in proportion, beautifully rounded with small nipples and a lovely 'jut'. The stupid thing was that the situation almost brainwashed me. She shrugged off her top so quickly and matter-of-factly I found myself registering. 'Oh bare boobs, they're nice', almost in passing, until about a couple of minutes later the boiling sensation in my crotch reached my brain and I was gasping to myself, '*Christ*, look at the *tits* on that!' You can imagine what it was like when they wanted her to drop her pants. There was a bit of discussion about that with the club secretary. 'I don't mind for myself,' I heard Cheryl say. 'It's just that I don't want to upset the agency, doing something that's not booked in advance. They might be awkward about payment.' There were lots of earnestly nodding heads on all sides. 'Oh it was definitely booked, love. . . we were very clear about it. . .' *I* bet they were! It took a couple of minutes to reassure her, then she was all smiles again. 'No, it's fine,' she was saying. 'Where do you want me?' And, turning away, she began to slip down her pants. I swear the temperature rose five degrees. By now *I* could feel my blood simmering — but then I didn't have a camera to distract me. She had a lovely bum, too — all those aerobics had turned her cheeks into twin rugby balls. She moved round again and I caught sight of neat, gingery blonde pussy hair peeping over waistband. Then a couple of the sods got her to roll her pants in a tight line, cutting her cheeks in half across the middle, while she leaned forward from the waist, leaving her bush almost fully exposed.

To my inexperienced mind, that was a bit much — much 'ruder' than complete nudity — don't ask me why. But Cheryl didn't turn a hair. 'You mean, like this?' she said, bending forward, while the guys moved in to check she was doing it right. For one dizzying moment I thought the orgy was about to start, and I was going to explode in my Y-fronts without even the benefit of a decent bonk. But that was the highpoint.

Looking, even in close-up, was evidently OK, but touching was apparently off limits. And Cheryl's poses, as far as I could judge, didn't seem outrageous. She obviously didn't fuss about showing her pubic hair — and I got the odd

'I was totally bowled over by Duncan'

son of magician, Paul. They met when Trudie was working in Jersey on the BBC series *Bergerac*. Later, she was involved with comedian Wayne Dobson, and it was then that she fell for Norvelle. 'I was completely bowled over by him,' she told *The Sun*, 'He was funny, charming, good looking and completely bonkers about me.' Within a week, they were lovers, she claims, and after five she knew that she wanted to live with him. However, Trudie's opinion of Norvelle has changed over the years. When she first met him, he was relatively unknown. Now Norvelle is a household name, and according to Trudie,

little glimpse of neat, little, puckered lips peeping through the fuzz — but there weren't any wide-open leg shots or any writhing about on her back. The most graphic was a bent double pose with her behind to us, when we all got a clear view of her pussy lips, as well as her anus — though I fairly sure at the time she didn't realise how much she was showing.

Not that that didn't leave me feeling like a wet rag at the end of a couple of hours. Everyone else seemed very chuffed about the way things had gone — including Cheryl. She was bright-eyed and obviously pleased when she'd dressed and caught up with me. 'They want me back again next month!' she enthused. 'They're going to let me have copies of the best prints too — they reckon some'll be really good. So perhaps you can show them to your friend.' As I nodded, having almost forgotten about him, she said, 'God, I'm so hungry!' Then she gasped and giggled.

> **'Can we do it doggy fashion?' she asked. 'I only finish properly that way.'**

'Oh how awful! I wasn't hinting, honestly!'

'Well, I haven't eaten either,' I told her, 'and I promised you a meal.' 'I'm always hungry after a good session like that,' she said in the car, obviously still on a high. 'Even if I've pigged myself beforehand. That's why I really love modelling. It makes me feel so exhilarated.' I grinned at her. 'Especially when you're prancing about in the altogether.' She stared at me, wide-eyed and grinning. 'Cheeky devil!' she cried.

'You've got a dirty mind, you! I'll have to watch myself, I can see.'

I enjoyed the dinner — mainly because for the first time in ages I didn't have to tell my life story (with appropriate deletions). She was quite happy to rattle on about herself, and since I knew nothing about modelling I was happy to listen. Things looked even better when we got back into the car and she accepted the offer of a swift coffee.

She was suitably impressed by the flat — 'Is this all ours then?' — which was just as well, considering the money I'd spent on it. 'I know two girls who've done Page Three and one's got her own place like this back home. I'd do anything to get a break like that.'

We were on the sofa by now with fresh coffee and brandies and Billy Joel on the Panasonic. It was the easiest thing in the world to lean across during a lull in the conversation, and start a kiss.

She kept it going, hesitating when I first tried to open her lips, then letting me in and flickering back with her tongue. But as I slid my arm round her she pulled away, gasping. 'Oh dear,' she said, glancing at me, her cheeks flushing.

'This is really awkward.'

Fighting back horrible memories of my vision of disaster, I asked her why. She went even redder, smiling embarrassedly. 'I didn't realise you liked me, I mean like this. I'd never have taken you to the club, if I'd known. God!' She gave a hiccup of laughter. 'You must think I'm some kind of Mata Hari — showing myself off like that!'

'Don't be silly,' I said quickly. 'I didn't think that.'

She looked up at me awkwardly. 'But it couldn't have been like the others — for you. I mean, I was just a model to them. But you must have felt something —'

'Why not?' I said. 'I thought you were gorgeous then, and I do now. I've fancied you since I first saw you. What's wrong with that?' She gave another brief laugh. 'I feel at a bit of a disadvantage. I mean, you've *seen* me, haven't you?' 'Well,' I said, getting up and taking her hand, 'there's an easy remedy to that.'

We did it on the living room carpet — the one with the super thick pile I'd chosen for just such an eventuality. There was quite a bit more chat, but the gist of it was she was quite willing — in candlelight — to let me help her out of her blue dress, and the white bra she wore underneath, and her white lacy pants and sheer support stockings, too. Perhaps it was the flickering light but her body looked completely different in that situation. I might have been seeing it, as well as touching it, for the first time.

She was different, too. Obviously nervous, and passive — the complete opposite of only a few hours ago. I got the horrible feeling again that this girl who didn't think twice showing herself naked to strangers might actually never have done it. Perhaps the nude modelling was her way of getting her rocks off.

I deliberately kept my moves straightforward and gentle, concentrating on her boobs, which was no hardship, cupping them and kissing them and trying to tease her nipples erect with my lips and tongue. I hardly touched her lower half at all, only sliding a finger through her pussy hair once in a while to see how moist she was getting, and pulling away the instant she stiffened.

She seemed to respond well enough — not orgiastically, but getting damp and hard-nippled. I was disappointed, though, she made no effort to touch my cock, or even look at it. So I decided that I ought to get on with things before all the excitement of the studio, as well as this, caused me an accident.

She simply started breathing harder, closing her eyes, as I opened those lovely, taut thighs and slid between them. I only looked at her long enough to ease my knob between her lips and find her hole — her body looked so sensational in the candlelight I'd have burst at the first stroke.

She grunted as I pushed slowly into her, and I held my breath. She was gorgeously tight, hugging me like liquid satin, but there was nothing in the way, thank God. I was able to sink balls-deep, feeling every slippery inch. And then the green flag dropped and we were fucking. Not too badly, I thought, for a first off. I've never been a long stayer in those circumstances.

Meanwhile she moaned and panted under me, and the only blunder came at the end — 'came' being very appropriate. In my excitement I hadn't bothered to find a rubber, and I hadn't asked her if she was taken care of — which was bloody stupid of me. I ended up on the brink, buried in her pussy, hissing like an idiot, 'Shall I pull out! Shall I pull out!'

Cheryl snapped open her eyes, looking confused, then finally focussed on me and realised I was about to flood her womb with possible offspring. She shook her head quickly. 'It's alright — don't worry,' she panted '— on the pill — go ahead — just do it — do it in me —' So, with a final thrust, I did. *Very* enjoyably.

Cheryl seemed to enjoy it too, until a couple of minutes later, as we lay curled in each other's arms, still joined at the crotch, she began to giggle. I asked what on earth was the matter.

'What happened then,' she said. 'It reminded me of a girlfriend of mine — she's a model, too, or trying to be. She did this blue video with this fellow. They were doing everything, and you know how the fellows are supposed to finish by exploding all over the girl? Well, they both got so carried away the fellow did it inside my girlfriend, and she only remembered when he'd done it that she'd run out of pills the day before.' Cheryl chuckled. 'She was a nervous wreck until her next period — mainly because she hadn't told her boyfriend she was doing the video. Isn't that terrible?' I stared at her. In the space of a single evening she'd turned from a completely average, possibly virginal, 'nice' girl into a raving exhibitionist into a consorter with blue movie performers. And they were *all* Cheryl. It was like going out with a chameleon. On the other hand, I could hardly say it hadn't been fun.

'It's not that I object to blue stuff in itself,' Cheryl was saying. 'In fact I got a phone call once from a fellow who wanted me to do it — I was really put out. But then I thought, "Well, how else do they get people except by asking? Someone must say yes." But I couldn't do it with just anyone — it'd have to be a boyfriend, or ex-boyfriend.' She giggled again. 'I once took some Polaroids with a boyfriend of mine. They were *really* disgusting! I made him burn them afterwards.'

She grunted happily, then turned her head and kissed my shoulder. 'That was really nice,' she said. 'Thank you.' Then I felt her small hand sliding down between us and curling round my limp, sticky shaft, stroking it gently. 'Could we do it doggy fashion next time? I only really finish properly that way. You don't mind, do you?' I didn't, when I'd got my breath back, or the dozen other odd ways we managed it in the few months I went out with Cheryl. She was one of the most fascinating, as well as the most exasperating girls I've ever known — a baffling mixture of incredible naivety and extraordinary experience. I never did sort out where one ended and the other began. I'm still half convinced she was stringing me along from the very beginning. And, three years on, I fully expect her face to appear all over the magazine covers or TV ads at any moment. Either those, or a pirated blue video. I don't see how anyone can stop her.

owns a £180,000 mansion in Nottingham complete with lavish bedroom containing a giant chandelier and £1,000 water bed. With money came a change in attitude to Trudie. Duncan was on his way to the top,' she said. 'I just got in his way.' Norvelle took to seeing other girls, and Trudie

sensed their relationship was at an end.
Now like Norvelle, Trudie's career is on the up and up. As well as modelling, Trudie turns

'He was funny, charming and bonkers over me'

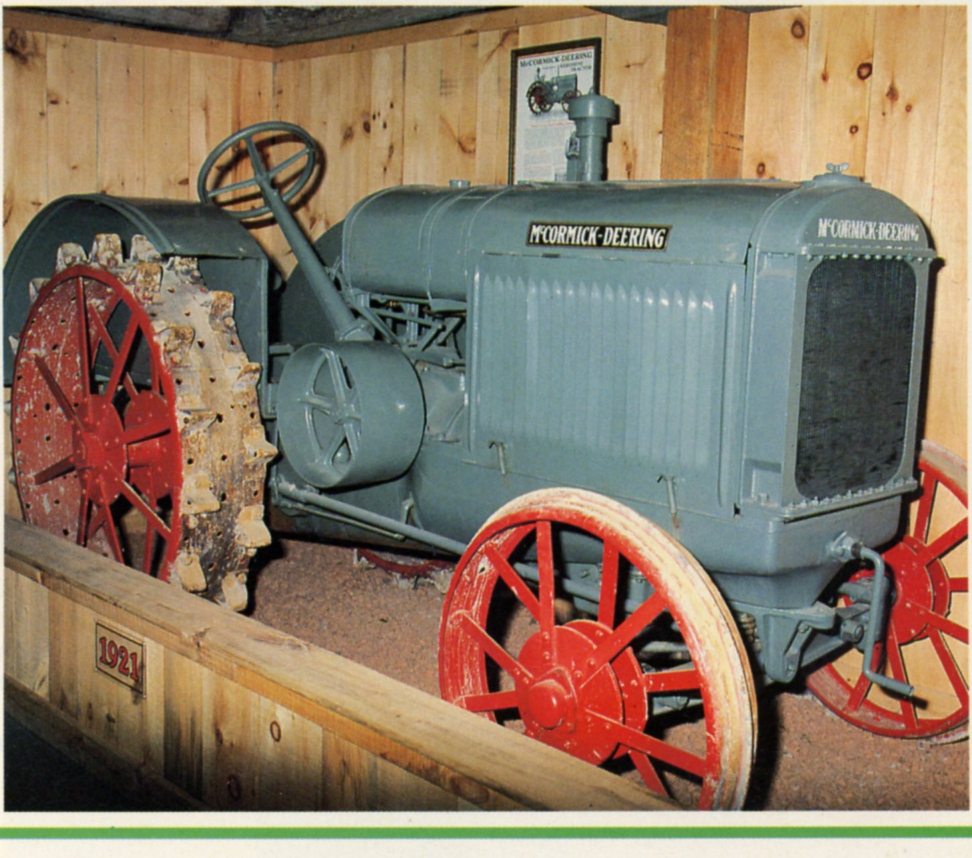
After a lifetime tilling the Prairie soil, Canada's tractors become cherished exhibits at Ontario's fine agricultural museum

McCORMICK-DEERING
W-40

PLOUGHER

POWE

Photographed by Andrew Morland

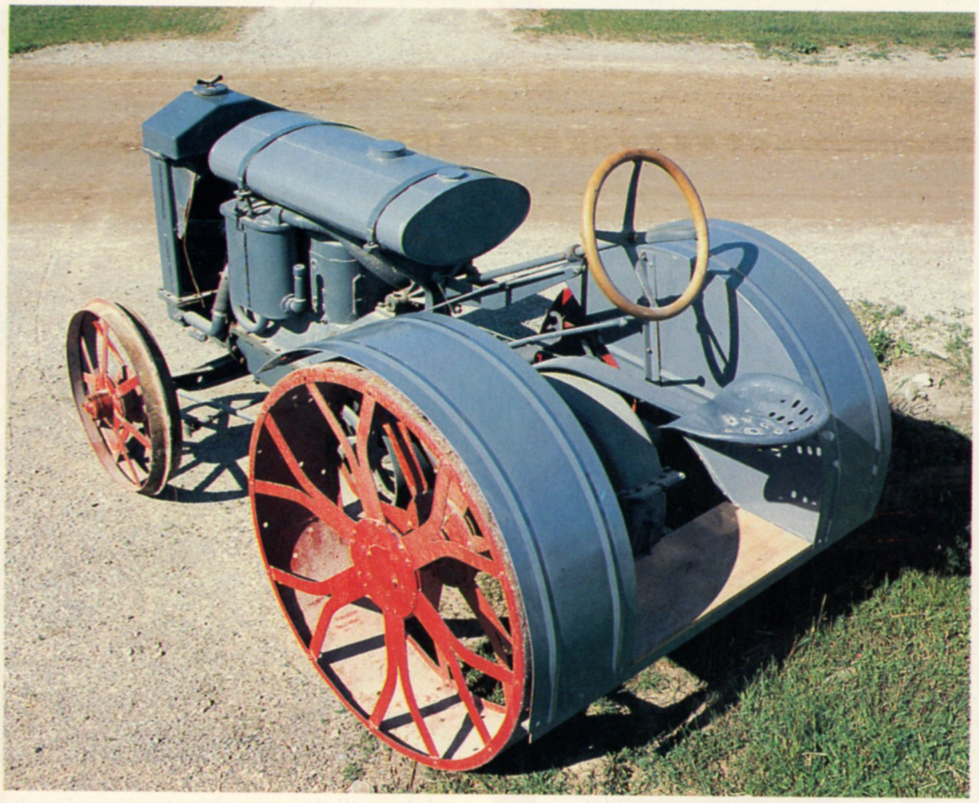


They may not be fast, sleek or luxurious but humble farm tractors have a pulling power all of their own. At least that seems to be the case, judging by the success of the Ontario Agricultural Museum in Canada. The museum, situated in Milton, an hour's drive from downtown Toronto, is a showplace for tractors of all ages, and celebrates the history of Canandian farming. It was conceived by tractor collector Charles Matthews of Langstaff, Ontario in 1966, and has grown enormously since then. Now it's run by the Ontario Ministry of Agriculture and Food, and houses a working farm as well as the collection.

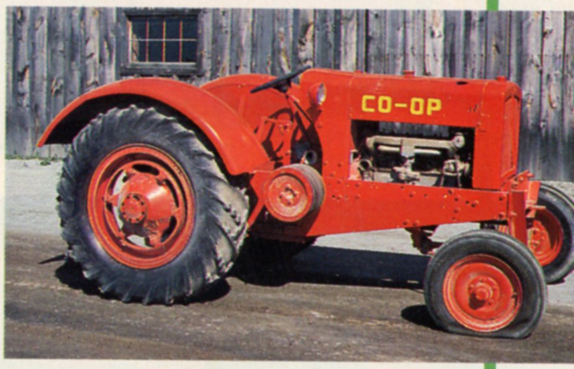
All of the exhibits are in working order, and Mr Fife, the museum's maintenance man, can start

up quite frequently on our TV screens. Apart from the part in *Bergerac*, she has had minor roles in other series. She has even acted with Denholm Elliott in a film made for television about an investigative journalist, called *The Blue Dress*. With such obvious talent, we're sure we will be seeing a lot more of Trudie Dean in the near future.

> **'He was on his way to the top. I got in the way'**



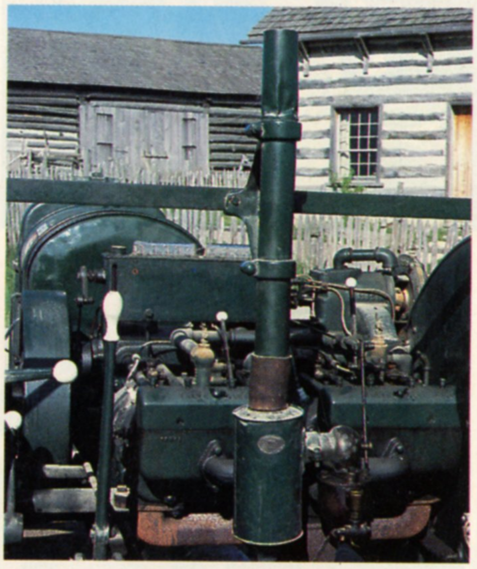
SAMSON
MODEL-M

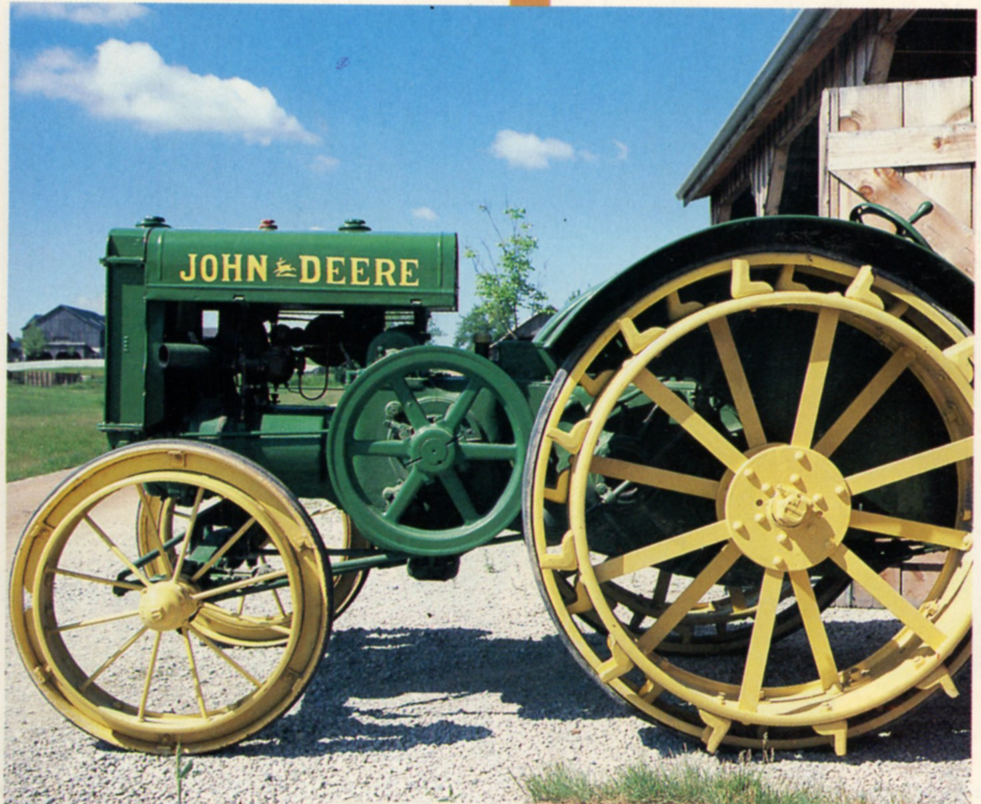


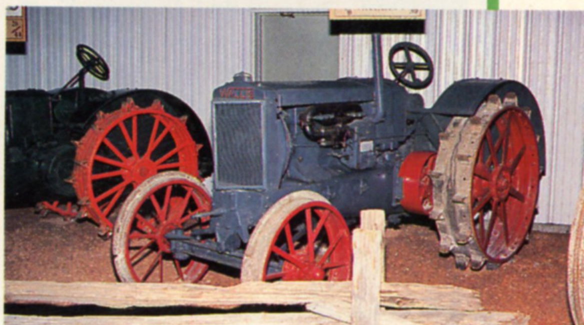
TWIN
TC
CITY

R

Clockwise from top left: A McCormick-Deering W40; a 1920 GM sieve-grip Samson; the Samson logo; a Co-op made by Duplex Machinery; the Twin City radiator motif; a Hart-Parr 28/50 built in 1929; a 1930 Wallis 20/30; a John Deere 'D' from 1924 and bottom left a 1921 McCormick-Deering.





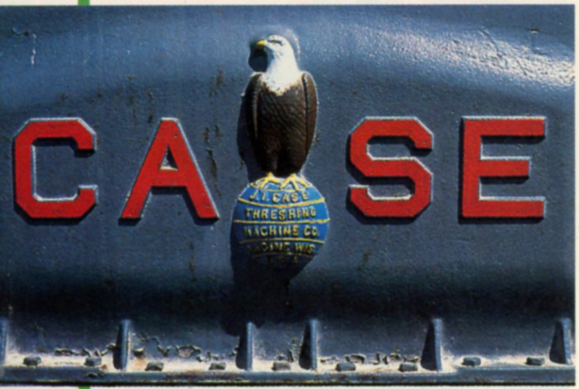


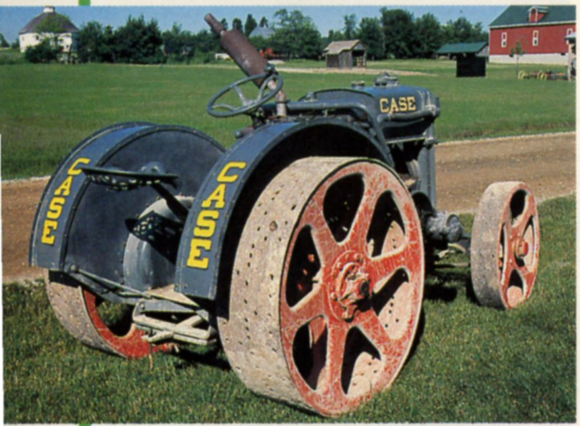
PHOTOGRAPHED BY
MICHAEL ANCHER

[redacted]

ALEX

RUMELY
OilPull
TRACTOR

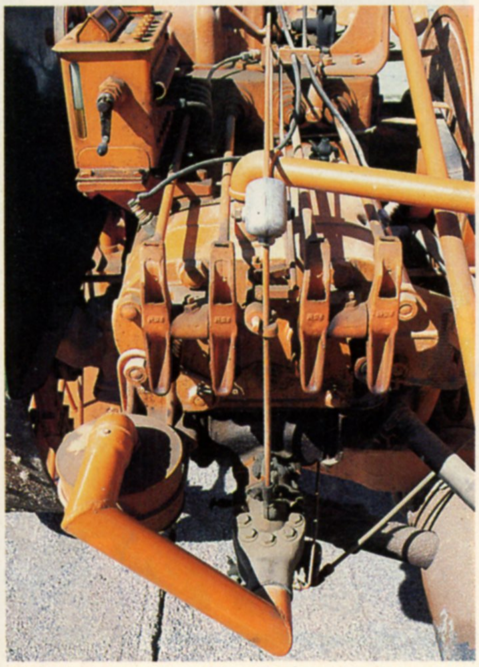

CASE
J.I. CASE THRESHING MACHINE CO.


CASE
CASE
CASE

More shining examples from the Ontario Agricultural Museum. Clockwise from bottom right: The Happy Farmer from 1917; a 1928 White Allwork; The Happy Farmer in close-up; a Case 12 20hp; the Case radiator emblem; a Farmall F12 made by International; a early Rumely; and top right, another view of the Case 12 20 hp.

and drive all the examples seen here. He also helped restore many of them including the Happy Farmer, one of the oldest tractors on show. This was built in 1917 by the La Crosse Tractor Co. Happy Farmer was also available as a three-wheeler as were many early tractors, with a twin cylinder water-cooled engine. The 12-24 model pictured here has lasted longer than the La Crosse company. That was taken over in 1921 when tractor production came to an end.

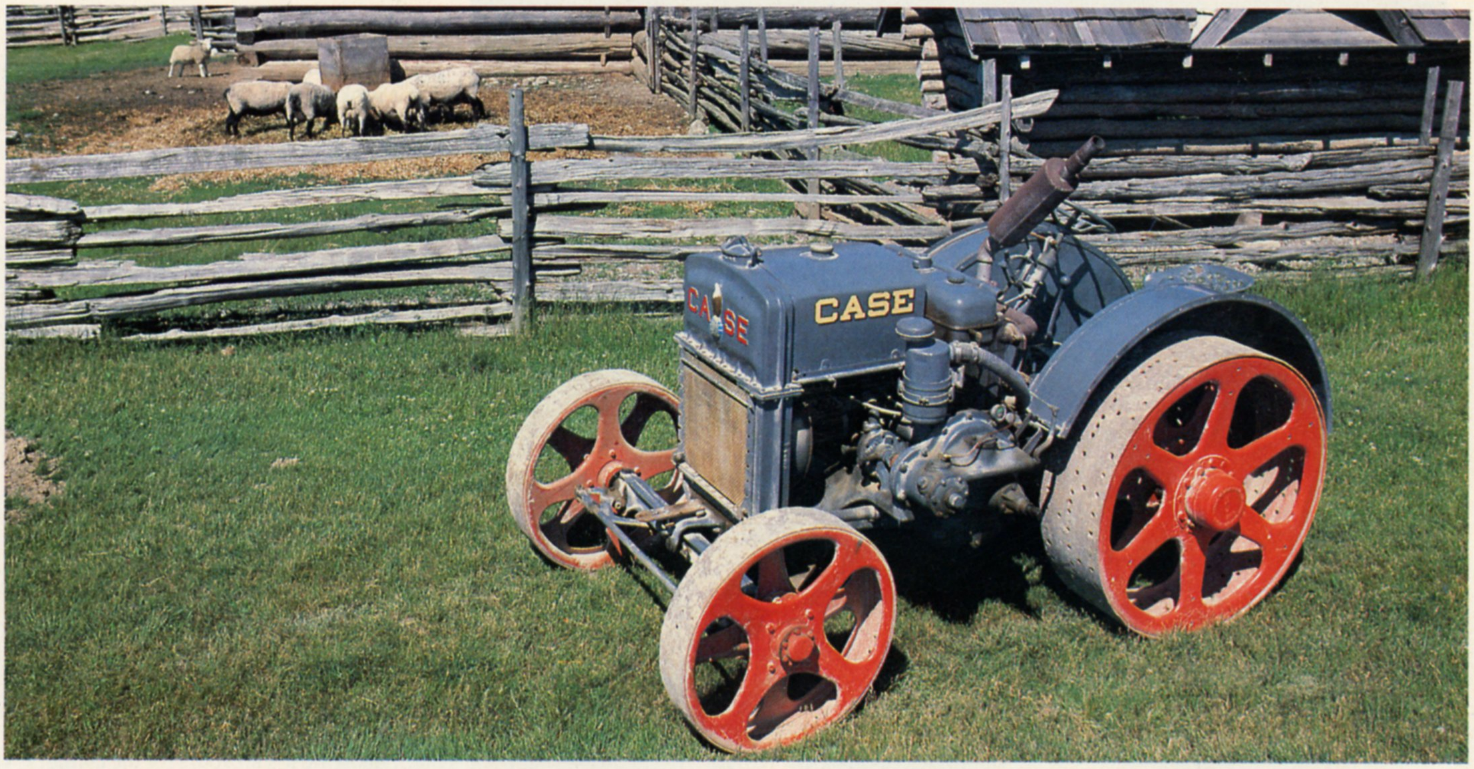
Other companies were more successful. Case were producing agricultural machines as early as 1911, and went on to be one of the most innovative of the tractor makers. One of their successful experiments was transverse mounting for their engines, as seen in the Case 12 here.



ALLWORK
1928
WHITE
ALLWORK
KEROSENE
ELECTRIC WHEEL CO.
QUINCY, ILL. U.S.A.
25-45 HP
MODEL T CASE
1928

Alexandra Charlotte Norma Philippa Lester sank back in the huge brown leather armchair in her parents' home in Somerset. She took a sip of a large gin and French, and then started to talk about her new role as a model. 'Mummy says I was always rather shy as a child,' says Alex (her abbreviation, not ours). 'Then when I reached 16, I became a bit of a tearaway. Now, I'm positively dangerous to know!' Her smile implies it's a danger that's worth the risk.

> 'I used to be shy. Now I'm positively dangerous to know . . .'

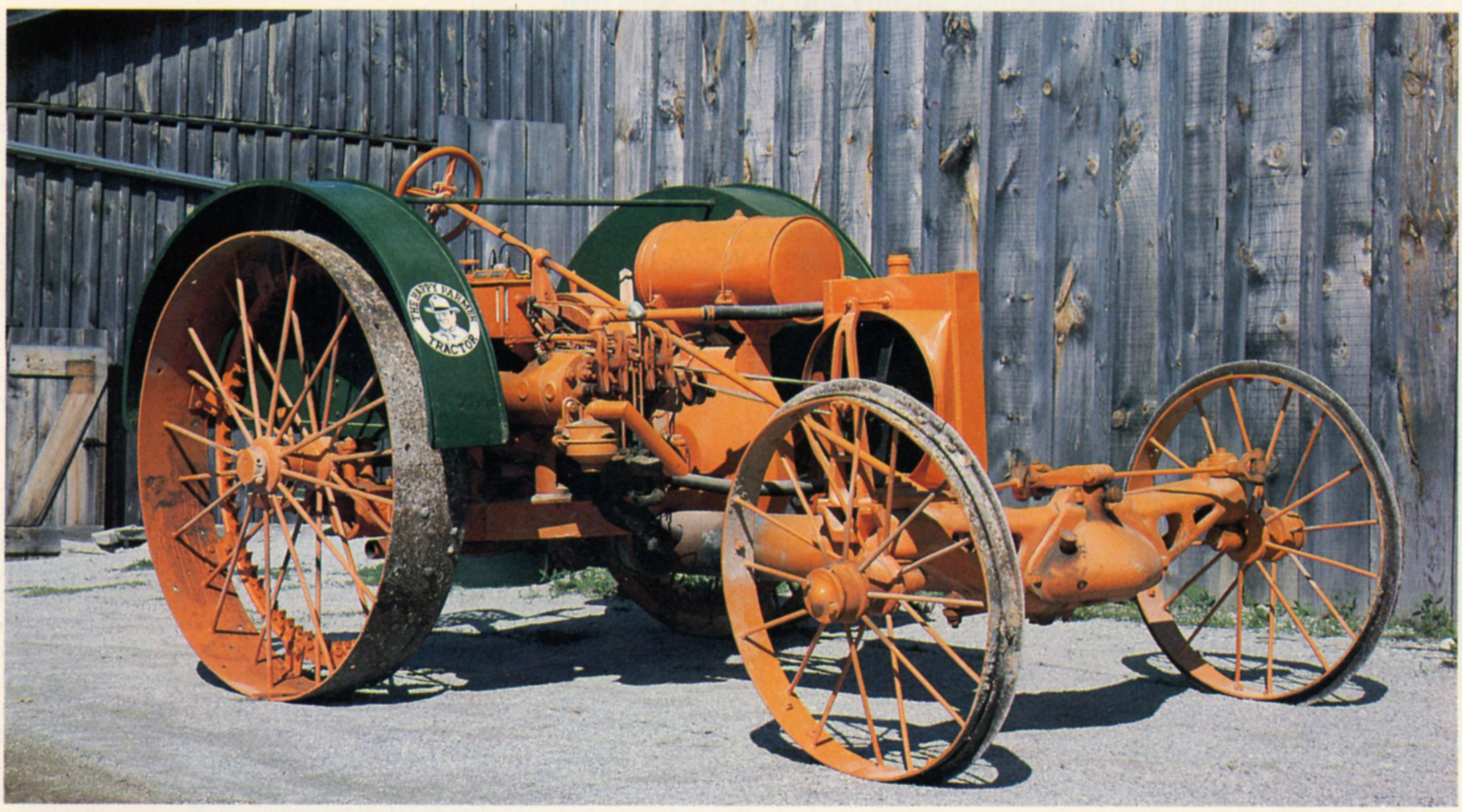


This gave a simple direct connection from engine to axle and provided better lubrication when working on steep slopes. 'Crossmounts' as they came to be known were also sturdy and reliable, and helped make Case one of America's top four tractor manufacturers.

Although tractors soon took over the work of horses on farms, operating them was not always that easy. An early Hart-Parr machine required its owner to undertake no less than 19 different operations to start it up including turning the 1,000lb flywheel by hand to spin the engine. Even then unreliable carburation and ignition wouldn't guarantee to get the 'Old Reliable' moving. Many people joke that early tractors were often left running overnight rather than go through the laborious starting procedure all over again the following morning.

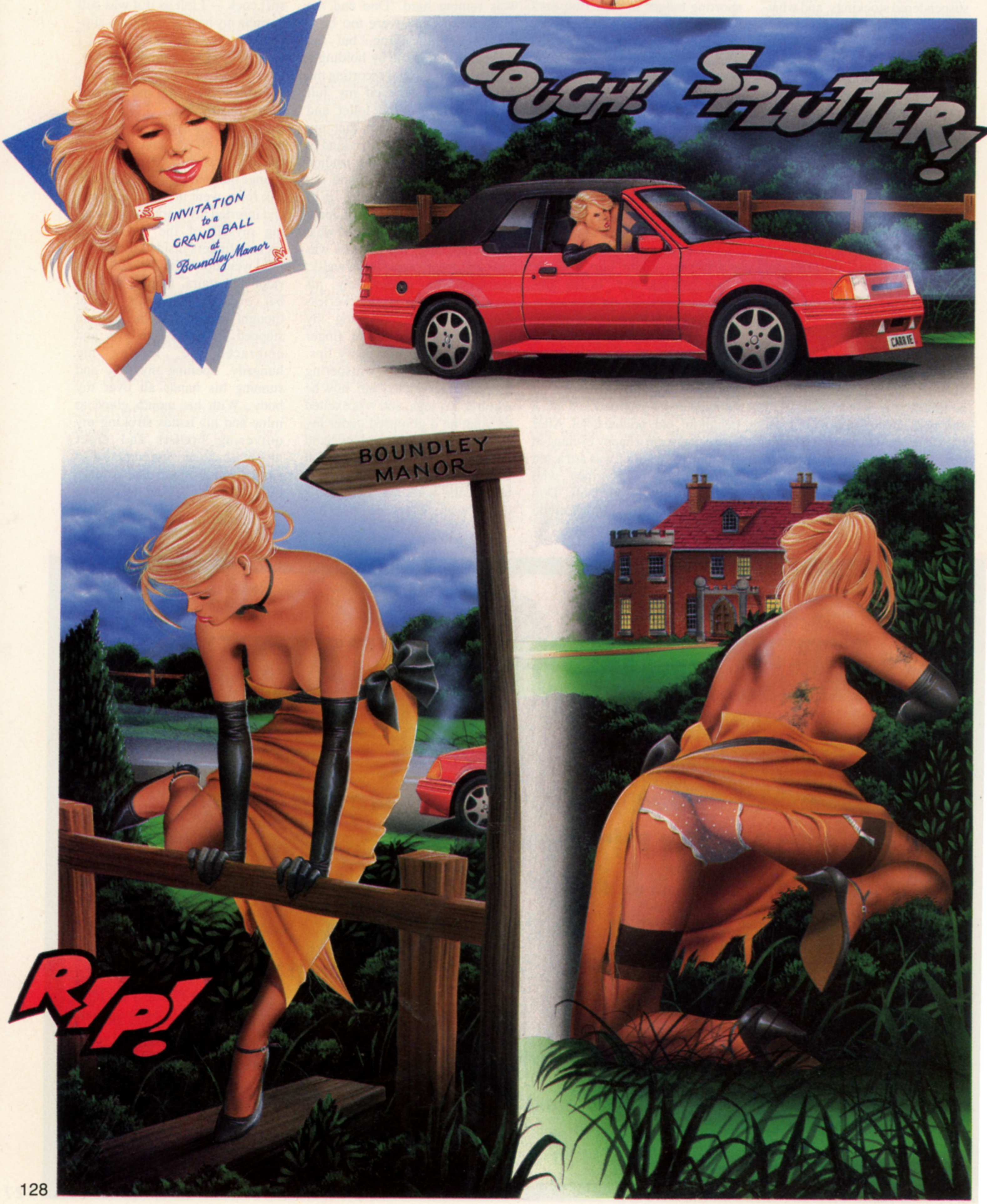
But however crude and unreliable some of these early tractors might have been, they were the start of a massive revolution in agriculture. Without what came to be known as 'power farming', the Earth's resources could not be utilised efficiently to feed its ever-growing population. The Ontario Agricultural Museum is a fine tribute to these colourful, unglamorous but essential vehicles that tamed the Prairies and helped till the soils of the world.

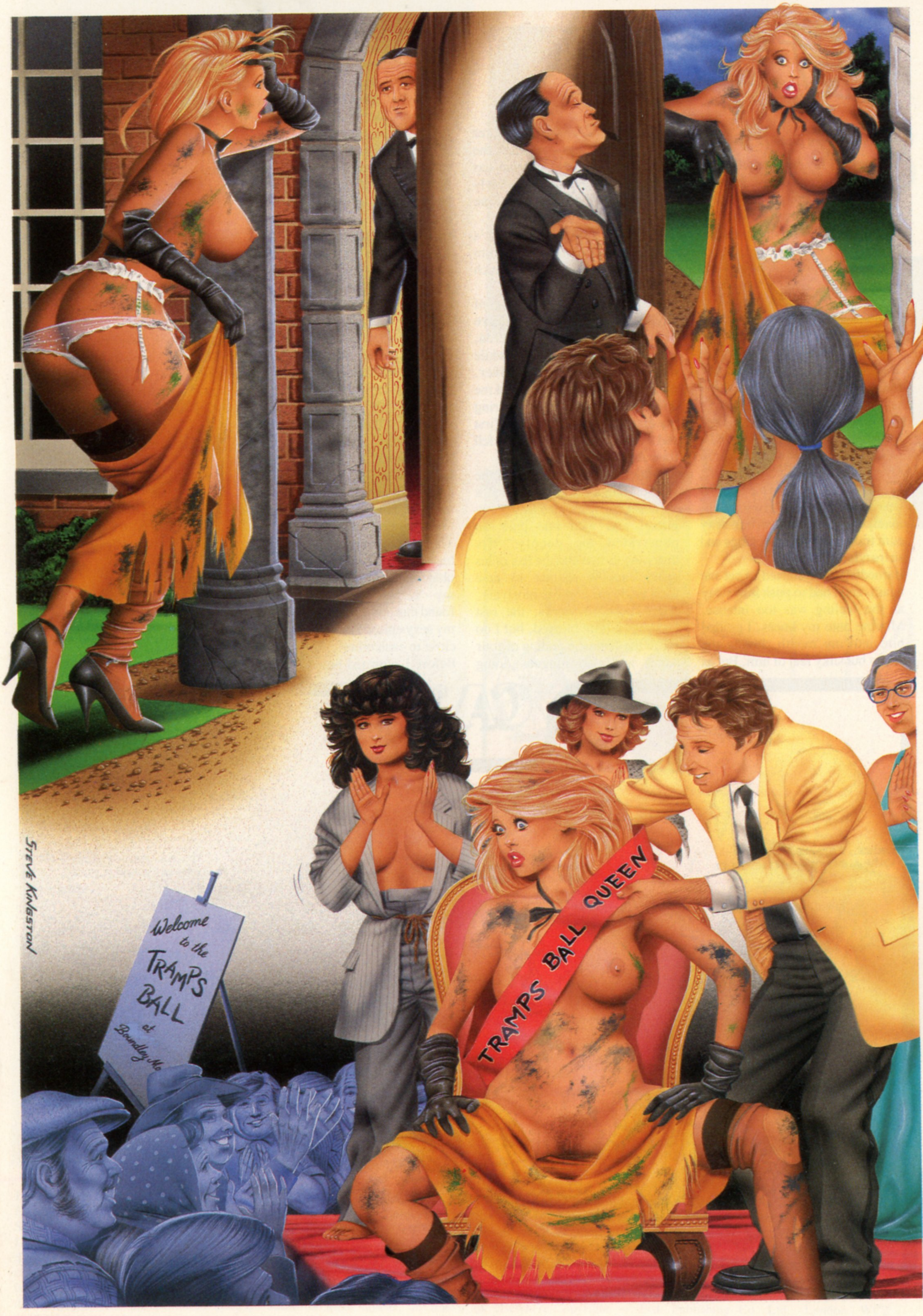
More of Andrew Morland's photographs of farm machines appear in his book *Classic American Farm Tractors,* published by Osprey, priced £6.95.



CARRIE

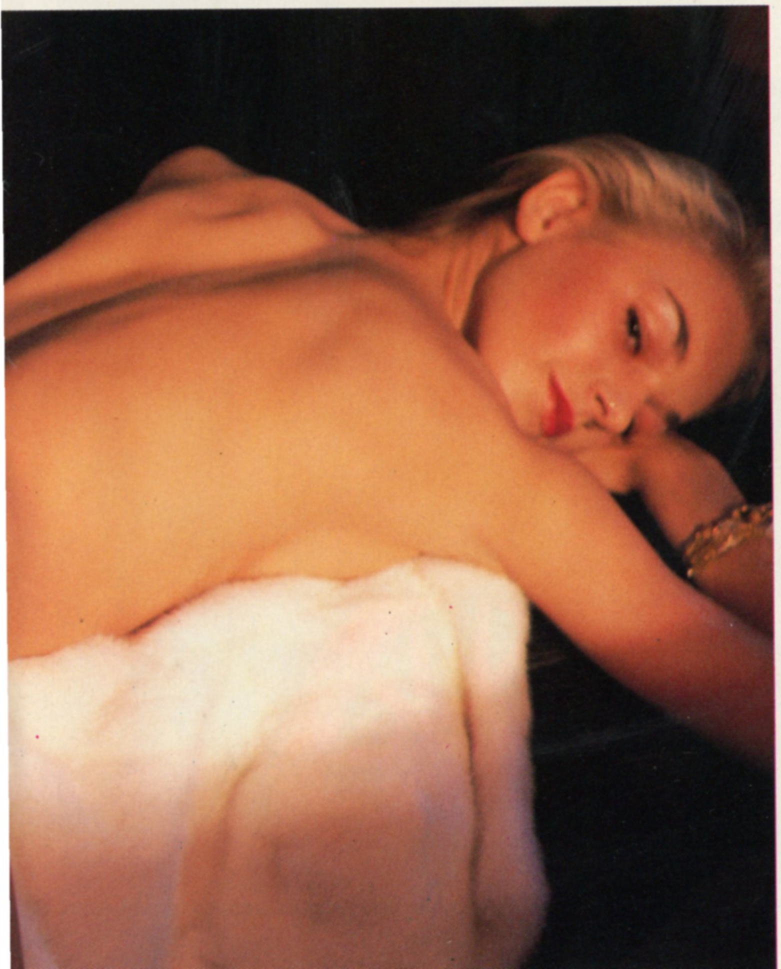
Our lady is a tramp but she still has a ball


INVITATION to a GRAND BALL at Boundley Manor
COUGH! SPLUTTER!
CARRIE
BOUNDLEY MANOR
RIP!


Steve Kingston
Welcome to the TRAMPS BALL at Boundley Mo
TRAMPS BALL QUEEN

At 22, Alex has money, a luxury home (the top half of the rambling house in Wells is hers in all but name), and an open-top Mercedes. It takes a lot to impress her. 'Men should be knights in shining Armani mounted on a dashing white Lamborghini,' she smiled. 'They must be prepared to swim the oceans and climb mountains to protect my honour . . . . if they're not too late!' No wonder she has a high regard for the Dangerous Sports Club. 'Oh yes, bravery and a sense of humour, that's even better.'

'Men should swim oceans to protect my honour — if it's not too late!'



Some might say that Alex has shown courage in baring her 34-22-34 figure in *Mayfair*, but Alex disagrees. 'I've always wanted to model since I was a little girl,' she says. 'I loved dressing up, and I still do. Some clothes make me feel as horny as being nude. Fur, for instance. I love feeling that against my skin.' But Alex's love of the finer things does not extend to food. Her favourite? Egg, beans and chips!

> 'Some clothes make me as horny as being nude. Fur, for instance . . .'

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN GRAHAM

Lisa

The early bird might be able to catch the worm, but he wouldn't stand a chance of meeting 18-year-old Lisa Meredith. For Lisa, a stunning 36-24-36, prefers to stay in bed until about three in the afternoon after a hectic evening nightclubbing. 'One thing about living in Leeds, at least you know where everyone is because there are very few clubs. I go to a disco called *Martines* or the *Warehouse* or *Phonographic* clubs where they play music by the Cure or Siouxsie and the Banshees, my favourites.'

Lisa was brought up in Leeds where she went to the City School. 'I left at 16 and went to college to take O Levels, but dropped out because I was bored.' Now she is a full-time model, which she enjoys. 'I like doing all the poses and the idea of turning guys on, specially when I'm doing a shoot outside and they're all watching. Sometimes I get turned on myself — it depends on the photographer.' And what type of men turn her on? 'I like them tall and meaty with a few muscles, but I don't like hairy chests. I prefer them to have the hair on their heads — and in other places.'